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JUBILEE MEMORIAL

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JUBILEE MEMORIAL

OF THE

THROOP AVENUE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

AND MISSION

8218



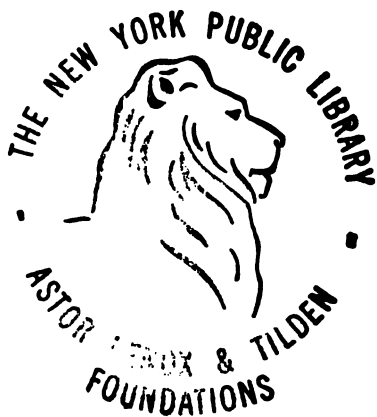
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1899

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



THE DEVINNE PRESS.

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SOUVENIR PROGRAMME
OF THE
JUBILEE
OF THE
THROOP AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

Sabbath, October 30, 10.30 a. m.



THE SILVER JUBILEE SERVICE

1873

OF THE

1898

PRESENT PASTORATE



ORGAN PRELUDE . Fantasia, "Festivo" . . . MORITZ BROSIG

Doxology

Invocation

Rev. ALFRED H. MOMENT, D. D.

ANTHEM . . . "Sing Unto the Lord" . . . WILKINSON

PSALTER—PSALM CIII

GLORIA DAVIS

HYMN "When Morning Gilds the Skies"

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, Deuteronomy 29; Romans 16

Rev. ROBERT G. HUTCHINS, D. D.

Prayer

Rev. Lewis Ray Foote, D. D.

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND OFFERING

SOLO "O Deem Not" . . . SCHNECKER

H. M. C. VEDDER

HYMN "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee"

Sermon

Rev. LEWIS RAY FOOTE, D. D., Pastor

ANTHEM "Break Forth Into Joy" . . . SIMPER

HYMN "On Our Way Rejoicing"

Prayer and Benediction

ORGAN POSTLUDE { "Hallelujah Chorus"— } . . . HANDEL
Messiah

Sabbath, October 30, 2.30 p. m.



THE JUBILEE SERVICE OF THE
1852 THROOP AVENUE MISSION 1898
SABBATH SCHOOL

TO BE HELD IN THE

THROOP AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

DARWIN R. JAMES, Presiding



Doxology

RESPONSIVE READING

Prayer

GLORIA

HYMN " Arise, Arise, Ye Valiant Hearts "

ADDRESS . DARWIN R. JAMES, Superintendent

HYMN " Our Joyful Song "

ADDRESS . " *The Character of Our King* "

Rev. LOUIS O. ROTENBACH
Stony Point Presbyterian Church

HYMN " Jesus, King of Glory "

ADDRESS . " *The Joy of the Children of the King* "

Rev. ARNOLD W. FISMER
Hopkins Street Presbyterian Church

HYMN " Oh, We Are Volunteers "

OFFERING

HYMN " Joy to the World "

Apostles' Creed

Benediction

Sabbath, October 30, 2.30 p. m.



THE JUBILEE SERVICE OF THE
17 THROOP AVENUE CHURCH 1898
SABBATH SCHOOL

TO BE HELD IN
THE CHAPEL

FRANK R. HIBBARD, Presiding



OPENING EXERCISES

Quarterly

MN 104 Sacred Songs

RESPONSIVE READING

MN 28 Sacred Songs

DRESS . " *The Character of Our King* "

Rev. WM. J. HUTCHINS
Bedford Presbyterian Church

MN 44 Sacred Songs

DRESS . " *The Joy of the Children of the King* "

Rev. ROLAND S. DAWSON
Ainslie Street Presbyterian Church

MN 222 Sacred Songs

MISCELLANEOUS

CLOSING EXERCISES

Quarterly

Benediction

Rev. L. R. FOOTE, D. D.

Monday, October 31, 8 p. m.



THE JUBILEE FESTIVAL OF THE
1852 THROOP AVENUE MISSION 1898
SABBATH SCHOOL

TO BE HELD IN

THE CHAPEL ON WILLOUGHBY AVENUE



Tuesday, November 1, 8 p. m.



THE JUBILEE FESTIVAL OF THE
1867 THROOP AVENUE CHURCH 1898
SABBATH SCHOOL

TO BE HELD IN

THE CHAPEL

Wednesday, November 2, 8 p. m.

1877 THE JUBILEE SERVICE 1898
OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION
OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

OF THE

THROOP AVENUE MISSION AND THE THROOP AVENUE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH TO BE HELD IN
THE CHURCH

CHARLES L. ADAMS, Presiding

ORGAN PRELUDE . . . Gavotte A. DUPONT
ANTHEM . "O, Come Let Us Worship" —Psalm xcvi. MENDELSSOHN

Prayer

Rev. J. C. WILSON
Puritan Congregational Church

SCRIPTURE LESSON—I. JOHN, II, 1-19

Rev. FREDERIC T. STEELE
Mount Olivet Presbyterian Church

HYMN "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"
ADDRESS, I "The True Aim of a Young People's Association, Socially"

Rev. ROBERT J. KENT, D. D.
Lewis Avenue Congregational Church

ANTHEM . . . "The Lord is Exalted" WEST
ADDRESS, II "The True Aim of a Young People's Association, Spiritually"

Rev. CORNELIUS WOELFKIN
Greene Avenue Baptist Church

SOLO . . . "The Lord is Mindful of his Own" . MENDELSSOHN
Miss MIRIAM GILMER

HYMN "Hail, Thou God of Grace and Glory"

Benediction

Rev. J. E. FRAY
Duryea Presbyterian Church

ORGAN POSTLUDE . Overture to "William Tell" . ROSSINI

Thursday, November 3, 8 p. m.

1852-1898 1862-1898 1867-1898 1873-1898

THE JUBILEE REUNION AND INFORMAL RECEPTION OF THE THROOP AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Including Present and Former Workers in the Sabbath Schools

Friday, November 4, 8 p. m.

1852 1898

THE JUBILEE MISSIONARY SERVICE

TO BE HELD IN THE CHURCH

RUSSELL W. McKEE, Presiding

ORGAN PRELUDE { "Fantasia on Church Chimes" } C. A. E. HARRISS

ANTHEM . "The Glory of the Lord Shall Endure" . SPINNEY

Prayer

Rev. GEORGE D. HULST, Ph. D., South Bushwick Reformed Church

SCRIPTURE LESSON—MATTHEW XXVIII

Rev. W. W. T. DUNCAN, Tompkins Avenue M. E. Church

SOLO . . . "Eye hath not seen" . . . GAUL

MISS GEORGIA LEET WATSON

HYMN . . . "Saints of God, the Day is Brightening"

ADDRESS { "The Missionary Character of the Throop Avenue Church, as Shown by Its History"

Rev. NEWELL WOOLSEY WELLS

Junior Pastor South Third Street Presbyterian Church

ANTHEM . { "For the Lord is a Mighty God"—Psalm xcvi } . MENDELSSOHN

ADDRESS . . . Mr. ROBERT E. SPEER

Secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

HYMN . . . "How Beauteous on the Mountains"

Benediction

Rev. FRANCIS H. MARLING, D. D.

ORGAN POSTLUDE . March, "Le Prophete" . . . MEYERBEER

Sabbath, November 6, 10.30 a. m.

1852



1898

THE JUBILEE OUTLOOK SERVICE



ORGAN PRELUDE { Allegro from
"Fourth Sonata" } . . . MERKEL

Doxology**Invocation**

ANTHEM . . . "Lord, All Thy Pathways" . . . PINSUTI

PSALTER — PSALM CXLV

GLORIA DAVIS

HYMN . . . "Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness"

Prayer**SCRIPTURE LESSONS****ANNOUNCEMENTS****OFFERING — FOREIGN MISSIONS**

SOLO . . . "The King of Love My Shepherd is" . . . GOUNOD

Mrs. JOHN T. BARRY

HYMN . . . "Oh, Where are Kings and Empires Now"

Sermon

Rev. ROBERT G. HUTCHINS, D. D.

First Presbyterian Church, Fostoria, O.

ANTHEM . . . "Oh, Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem" . . . KNOX

HYMN . . . "Forward Be Our Watchword"

Prayer and Benediction

ORGAN POSTLUDE . . . "Triumphal March" . . . DUDLEY BUCK

Sabbath, November 6, 7.30 p. m.



THE JUBILEE SERVICE

Commemorating the 31st Anniversary of the

1867

FOUNDING

1898

OF THE THROOP AVENUE CHURCH
SABBATH SCHOOL

INCLUDING THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE JUBILEE WEEK
TO BE HELD IN THE CHURCH

FRANK R. HIBBARD, Presiding



ORGAN PRELUDE . " Offertoire in F " . EDOUARD BATISTE

ANTHEM . "More Love to Thee, O Christ" . WILLIAM REED

Prayer

Rev. ALFRED H. MOMENT, D. D.

HYMN "Saviour King, in Hallowed Union"

SCRIPTURE LESSON—PSALM LXIII

ANNOUNCEMENTS

OFFERING

ANTHEM . " No Shadows Yonder " — (Holy City) . A. R. GAUL

ADDRESS . FRANK R. HIBBARD, Superintendent

ADDRESS . *"The True Object of the Sabbath School"*

Rev. I. ERSKINE ADAMS

Ross Street Presbyterian Church

ANTHEM "Gloria" MOZART

ADDRESS "Forward"

Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

ADDRESS . . . Rev. JOHN D. WELLS, D. D.

Senior Pastor South Third Street Presbyterian Church

HYMN "Work, for the Night is Coming"

Prayer and Benediction

ORGAN POSTLUDE. { "Grand Chorus" } . . ALEX. GUILMANT
(D Major) }

CHORUS



SOPRANO

Miss Marie A. Wolfe	Miss Lillian Elsasser	Miss L. Knieriem
Miss Gertrude A. Koos	Miss May Bender	Miss J. P. Meisinger
Miss Wilhelmina Gordon	Miss Margaret Bender	Miss G. Bauer
Miss Mary Dreeke	Miss E. M. G. Keller	Miss A. M. Hanson
Miss Grace E. Freestone	Miss Jessie M. Losee	Miss K. Neidlinger
Miss S. H. D. Freestone	Miss A. W. Miller	Miss C. L. Schneider
Miss C. B. Sauter	Miss L. Miller	Mrs. H. Faustmann
Miss Ruth Willis	Miss S. Helrigel	Miss E. Smith
Miss Gertrude Goerz	Miss C. G. Schueltz	Miss H. Watson
Miss Gertrude Kappes	Miss S. E. Schueltz	Miss E. Southern
Miss A. C. Riley	Miss L. Schaeffer	Miss B. Meiser
Miss Fannie J. McDougall	Miss Kittie Mandery	Mrs. George D. Glass

CONTRALTO

Miss Clara E. Ketcham	Miss L. Willans	Miss Mary W. Strong
Miss Anna B. Kohart	Miss A. Brown	Mrs. Geo. B. Arnot
Miss E. E. Gordon	Miss L. Lindorfer	Mrs. F. I. Ketcham
Miss M. L. E. McKnight	Miss Emma E. Simonson	Mrs. W. H. Weeks, Jr.
Miss E. Crandell	Miss M. L. Conners	Miss Grace W. Watson

TENOR

Mr. F. I. Ketcham	Mr. Wm. Christie	Mr. W. G. Schelker
Mr. W. Vanderkoogh, Jr.	Mr. F. A. Holbrook	Mr. E. Hollender
Mr. Wm. M. Strong	Mr. E. Gucker	Mr. Geo. A. Ellison
Mr. R. McKnight	Mr. Geo. B. Arnot	Mr. R. C. Sack
	Mr. Olaf Gates	

BASSO

Mr. F. Henderson Hibbard	Mr. John T. Godfrey	Mr. C. A. Koos
Mr. Fred R. Leach	Mr. F. Walker	Mr. C. F. A. Schulz
Mr. R. Homer Rich	Mr. G. A. Lewis	Mr. C. Haaf
Mr. W. T. Morrison	Mr. S. H. Mills, Jr.	Mr. J. Surpluss, Jr.

SOLOISTS

Mrs. JOHN T. BARRY	Mrs. H. M. C. VEDDER	Miss MIRIAM GILMER
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HARRY M. C. VEDDER, Director C. W. ALLEN, Organist

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE THROOP AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



THE Throop Avenue Mission Sabbath School was organized in October, 1852, and is therefore forty-six years old. Of the early workers there still remain identified with the School Mr. and Mrs. Darwin R. James and Mr. Henry M. Strong. Mr. James has been connected with the enterprise since the second Sabbath after the school was started. He was chosen Assistant Superintendent in 1857 and Superintendent in 1859, which office he has continuously filled for nearly forty years, except during a period while he was a member of Congress. Mr. Strong has been identified with the School since 1853, and Mrs. James since 1858. The present Mission building, Throop Avenue, near Ellery Street, was opened in 1862. In the autumn of 1873 the School numbered 873. It has upon its roll at the present time 1,075, including the officers and teachers.

The gifts of the scholars, which have amounted to many thousands of dollars, have always been entirely devoted to benevolent objects. These objects have embraced the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, Publication and Sabbath School work, Freedmen,

and other similar work. The School has always been mainly supported by its officers and teachers. Some of the early teachers, who have been removed for many years from the locality, have delighted to send regularly their annual liberal contributions for its support. Such a work cannot die out in the hearts of its early friends. The self-denying spirit and untiring devotion of these early workers, who walked for many years two miles each way over rough roads, through winter's cold and summer's sun, pitched the spiritual key high and established a standard of consecration for all the subsequent history of the School. And not only so, but these early workers, a few of whom remain together, with others of a similar character coming into the general work a few years later, have been the shaping spiritual influence of the congregation, and have given the distinctive tone and character to the entire Church.

THE CHURCH ORGANIZED.

The Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church was organized in June, 1862, in the present Mission building, and it remained there until October, 1867, when it removed to a Chapel which had been built on lots presented to the Society by Mr. Darwin R. James, on the corner of Throop and Willoughby Avenues, which at the present time are entirely covered by the Chapel then built and since twice enlarged, and by the beautiful and commodious edifice in which the congregation now worships, which was erected in 1889 and 1890.

THE HOPKINS STREET GERMAN CHURCH ORGANIZED.

After the Mission Chapel was vacated by the removal of the congregation to Willoughby Avenue, the Teachers saw an opportunity for the establishing of a German Presbyterian Church in the neighborhood. They therefore tendered the use of their Mission Chapel for the purpose. Within a year a Church had been organized and a minister installed. In the early years of the pastorate of the Rev. John Meury, the second pastor, who was settled in 1870, lots were purchased, a commodious brick edifice on Hopkins Street, near by, erected, and opened for worship in the early spring of 1873, and the success of the enterprise became well assured. Mr. Meury's untiring labors for this Church terminated in his decease in the early summer of 1887. The Church now prospers under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Arnold W. Fismer. It numbers 385 communicants and has a Sabbath School of 425 members.

THE THROOP AVENUE CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL ORGANIZED.

The Rev. John Hancock was the first pastor of the Throop Avenue Church. The Rev. John Lowrey, who served from 1867 to 1873, was the second pastor. These brethren have both departed this life.

The Church School was organized October 27, 1867. The Church School is therefore thirty-one years old, the Church being thirty-six years old—

the disparity of age resulting from the fact that the Mission School was the Church School while the Church met in the Mission building. At its organization the Church School numbered sixty-five officers, teachers, and scholars. Of the teachers, Mrs. Russell W. McKee, alone, has been in continuous service from the commencement of the School. In 1870, after serving the School for three years as Secretary and Librarian, Mr. Frank R. Hibbard was transferred to the Mission, where he remained as teacher in the intermediate department for thirteen years, and afterward as Superintendent of the primary department until 1894, when he returned to take the office of Superintendent, which he now occupies. The present enrollment of the School is 8 officers, 75 teachers, and 1,055 scholars, a total enrollment of 1,138. Of the present teachers thirty were formerly scholars in the School. During the last thirteen years 330 scholars have been received into the communion of this Church, being an annual average of twenty-five communicants. Fifty-two per cent. of the additions to this Church on examination, for thirteen years, have come from the ranks of this School.

THE CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL MISSION- ARY SOCIETY ORGANIZED.

In December, 1874, the Sabbath School Missionary Society was organized, since which time one half of the contributions have been devoted to benevolent objects, and one half have been used for the support

of the School. Among the objects which have regularly received the contributions of the School have been the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, Publication and Sabbath School Work, and Freedmen. The School has constantly enjoyed the blessing of its Lord and Master. The teachers have shown their devotion to it by their faithful and self denying labor on behalf of the spiritual welfare of their scholars.

MOUNT OLIVET SABBATH SCHOOL AND CHURCH ORGANIZED.

The Church has always felt it to be both an obligation and a privilege to work. January 1, 1882, inspired by Mrs. Darwin R. James, the Session sent forth one of its devoted elders, Moses G. Young, to organize the Mount Olivet Sabbath School, which School is now located at Evergreen Avenue and Troutman Street. At its organization the School numbered seventy scholars. In 1887 the Mount Olivet Church was organized with members taken from the roll of the Throop Avenue Church. At its organization the Church numbered 97 and the School 689. At the present time the Church numbers 217 and the School 738. The Rev. Frederic T. Steele is the pastor.

REV. LEWIS RAY FOOTE'S LABORS BEGUN.

Rev. Lewis Ray Foote, D. D., began his labors as Pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church

November 1, 1873. His ministry has therefore been sustained for just a quarter of a century. This period has been one of steady growth and development in all the departments of the life of the Church.

The Sabbath School membership of the Throop Avenue Church during this quarter of a century has ranged from 1,290 per annum to 2,876 per annum. The annual average has been 2,130. The present enrollment, which includes the members of the Home Department, is 2,630.

BUILDING OPERATIONS.

The frame Chapel, built at Willoughby and Throop Avenues in 1867, was enlarged in 1875. It was enlarged again in 1882, and moved to where it now stands, in order to prepare the way ultimately for a church edifice. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Church, in 1887, a resolution for inaugurating a movement for the raising of funds for the erection of a new edifice unanimously prevailed. The corner-stone of that building was laid November 2, 1889. On November 2, 1890, just one year from the date of laying the corner-stone, the Church was occupied for worship. On Easter Sabbath, 1893, the edifice, having been entirely paid for, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God.

SOME STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH.

There have been added to the Church during this quarter of a century, as a result of the ordinary means of grace, on confession of their faith in Christ,

1,248 persons, or an annual enrollment of about fifty. The additions by letter have amounted to 825, an annual average enrollment of 33 — making a total enrollment of 2,073 and an annual average total enrollment of nearly 83. The present enrollment of communicants is 918. Two hundred and thirteen adults have been baptized and 639 infants. Two hundred and thirty-nine members have departed this life during the twenty-five years, and the minister has officiated at a total of nearly 1,000 funerals, and has married 463 couples. The pastoral calls of the minister have amounted to 22,000, an annual average of 900.

MISSIONARY OFFERINGS.

The Church has had a unique history in respect to its method of giving to missions and to benevolent work. A few weeks after its organization a plan was inaugurated for taking an Offering each month for Foreign Missions and an annual Offering for Home Missions. Two years afterward that plan was modified by an arrangement for an Offering for Foreign and Home Missions each alternate month, which plan has been followed up to date, so that an Offering for Missions has been made in this Church every month of its existence for thirty-six years. "Them that honor me I will honor."

FUNDS CONTRIBUTED.

The funds contributed for the current expenses of the Church, as reported to the General Assembly for

the twenty-five years, have amounted to the total sum of \$141,623. This is an average annual expenditure of \$5,665.

The funds contributed for benevolence have amounted in twenty-five years to the sum of \$165,902. This is an annual average contribution of \$6,638. In other words, the Church has contributed each year \$973 more than it has expended for its current expenses. In twenty-five years the Church has contributed for benevolence, annually, not only as much as it has expended on itself, but \$24,279 more. Besides all this, during this quarter century there have been contributed \$82,000 for buildings. The total of all funds contributed amounts to \$389,525, being an annual average sum of \$15,581. It is also to be added that the entire Church property is absolutely clear of debt and is valued at \$120,000. Besides, all current expense bills are paid up to date.

L. R. F.

THE SESSION.



Rev. LEWIS RAY FOOTE, D. D., Moderator.

Darwin R. James	226 Gates Ave.
Russell W. McKee	695 Willoughby Ave.
Henry M. Strong	680 Lafayette Ave.
Frank R. Hibbard, <i>Clerk</i>	155 Tompkins Ave.
Robert J. Culbert, <i>Treasurer</i>	471 Lexington Ave.
Ira Goddard	694 Willoughby Ave.
Emmet F. Newton	419 Kosciusko St.
William M. Rue	625 Putnam Ave.
Solomon S. Giddings	396 Hart St.



BOARD OF DEACONS.

Frank Baldwin, M. D., <i>President</i>	691 Willoughby Ave.
Frederick F. Purdy, <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	811 Lafayette Ave.
Spencer A. Jennings	663 Willoughby Ave.
Robert Rule	268 Throop Ave.
Charles P. Ellison	211 Lewis Ave.
Herman F. Voss	14 Spencer Court.
Lewis N. Foote, M. D.	523 Willoughby Ave.
Charles L. Adams	111 Hart St.
David S. Sherman	341 Vernon Ave.
Francis I. Ketcham	121 Hart St.



BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Darwin R. James, <i>President</i>	226 Gates Ave.
Charles H. Henderson, <i>Treasurer</i>	596 Willoughby Ave.
William Lamb, <i>Secretary</i>	218 Rodney St.
Russell W. McKee	695 Willoughby Ave.
Ira Goddard	694 Willoughby Ave.
Thomas J. Atkins	631 Willoughby Ave.
John T. Barry	1263 Dean St.
Frank Baldwin, M. D.	691 Willoughby Ave.
Herman F. Voss	14 Spencer Court.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.



JUBILEE week had been anticipated for many months. It was finally ushered in by a rainy morning, which, however, did not materially interfere with the attendance at the opening service, and cleared before that service closed. Charming weather continued during the entire week, without interruption, until the next Lord's day morning. It rained that morning, but the rain suddenly subsided just before the morning service, and the remainder of the closing day was bright and beautiful. So that in the matter of weather we were greatly favored.

Besides, all the speakers who had consented to take part, without an exception, were able to fulfil their engagements.

The special Sabbath services, with a service every night, save Saturday, between the Lord's days, made great demands upon the people, but the response was equal to the demand, and a good audience marked each occasion. Nearly every service was crowded.

The special music which was furnished by a large chorus, chiefly composed of young people from the congregation, and from the Throop Avenue Mission, under the direction of Mr. H. M. C. Vedder, gave great and universal satisfaction.

Monday night the festival of the Throop Avenue Mission Sunday School was made especially attractive to the children by songs and recitations admirably rendered by themselves.

The teachers had thoughtfully provided beautiful bouquets of American beauty roses for the Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent, and the Minister. These bouquets, in the number of roses they contained, indicated the years of service rendered by each one receiving them. Mr. F. R. Hibbard, the Superintendent of the Church School, made the presentation in a very happy manner, handing a bouquet of forty-six roses to Mr. Darwin R. James, a bouquet of forty-five roses to Mr. Henry M. Strong, and a bouquet of twenty-five roses to the Rev. Lewis Ray Foote.

Tuesday night the children and youth of the Church School greatly enjoyed the unusual festive rollic which was accorded them.

The fact that Mrs. Russell W. McKee was the only teacher who had been in continuous service in the school during its entire history of thirty-one years, was alluded to in a few appropriate words by Dr. Foote to whom her fellow-teachers had entrusted the pleasant privilege of presenting a beautiful bouquet of thirty-one roses, to mark her thirty-one years of faithful service.

The Thursday night Re-Union and Reception was a very happy occasion. The Chapel beautifully decorated with flags and palms was thronged by the congregation, and the former friends and workers of the different schools. Grant Post of

which Dr. Foote is a member sent a large delegation in full uniform. Several ministers of the Presbytery were also present.

Towards the close of the evening the venerable and beloved Dr. John D. Wells, who was present at nearly all of the services, was conducted to the platform, accompanied by the pastor and his wife. Mr. Darwin R. James who forty-six years before was a youth in Dr. Wells's church and had at that time already commenced work in the Throop Avenue Mission, in a happy reminiscent speech, referred very touchingly to the affectionate interest Dr. Wells had taken in him as a young man, and also to the inspiring influence he had exercised over him in all those early years in moulding his character; and then very happily alluded to the kind and self-sacrificing interest Dr. Wells had always taken in the School, as well as in the later development of the Church, and concluded his remarks, by placing in his hands a bouquet of forty-six American beauty roses to mark the period of time which had passed.

He was followed by Mr. Russell W. McKee who also was in a reminiscent mood, as he referred to his going, something more than twenty-five years before, to obtain the present minister, to conduct a Sabbath Service in the Throop Avenue Church, which event had resulted in his being unanimously chosen the pastor of this Church, in which capacity he had continued for twenty-five years. He referred in a very kind way to the punctuality, patience, perseverance, prayerfulness, tact, executive ability, and sympathy shown by the minister in the discharge of his work

throughout these years, and concluded by placing in his hands, from the congregation, a beautiful silver loving cup which he assured him was filled with the love of all his people.

After a few highly appreciative words to Mrs. Foote he placed in her hands a beautiful bouquet of twenty-five white roses.

The cup, which has three handles, is eight inches high and six inches in diameter, with nine inches between the handles, and is inscribed on the three sides as follows :

1. PRESENTED TO
REV. LEWIS RAY FOOTE, D. D.
ON THE
25TH ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS
PASTORATE OF
THROOP AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Nov. 1st, 1898.
2. WE SALUTE YOU.
3. 1873-1898.

This part of the exercises was not on the printed programme. The minister in responding referred briefly to the fact that he was glad that such appreciative words could be uttered, and remarked that God always provided glad times sooner or later for those engaged in his service, and concluded by add-

ing that he had only tried to do his duty, that this was the highest aspiration of a Christian and a soldier, and that whatever had been done, that had been thought worthy of mention, had been entirely due to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom belonged all the glory.

It was desired that all the men whom the Church had sent forth into the ministry should be represented in the services. It was not, however, possible for the Rev. Thomas Coyle, of Everett, Washington, or the Rev. L. William Hones, of Roscoe, to be present. The Rev. Louis O. Rotenbach, of Stony Point, and the Rev. John E. Fray, of the Duryea Presbyterian Church, however, were present, and participated in the services.

It was very gratifying to all, but especially to the early workers, that the Rev. Robert G. Hutchins, D. D., and the Rev. Alexander Miller, who were connected with the Mission before the Church was organized, could be present, and perform the parts which had been assigned to them.

It was arranged to have the pastors of churches which had sprung from Dr. Wells's Church, including his own, take part in the services, to wit, Ainslie Street and Ross Street, and the churches which had sprung from Throop Avenue, to wit, Hopkins Street German and Mount Olivet, as well as our neighbors of the Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and Reformed Churches. This plan was successfully carried out.

Rev. Henry J. van Dyke, D. D., gave the charge to the pastor when he was installed, and it was es-

pecially gratifying to have his son, Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., who was present with his father at the installation, twenty-five years before, present as one of the speakers on the first Lord's day evening.

We were all very happy that Dr. Wells and Dr. Cuyler, the two beloved members of Presbytery to whom the Church has always been greatly attached, could be present to give the Church and its minister their congratulations, and final send off to their work for whatever period God may have allotted to them for the future.

The Church and its minister record with the sincerest gratitude their profound indebtedness to all their friends who at such great personal pains and labor so ably and interestingly contributed to make the Jubilee so pleasing and profitable, and whose printed words they believe will continue to inspire to holy living and faithful working, long after the present generation shall have gone to its reward.

L. R. F.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.



The following are a few extracts selected from a large number of letters received from friends in response to the invitation to the Jubilee Celebration sent by the Session.

The Rev. William H. Spencer, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Waterville, Me., who in 1861 was the first Sergeant of Company C, 61st Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, of which Dr. Foote was a private member, writes:

When I used to make out the details of Co. C for guard duty, police duty, etc., I never used to think of detailing L. R. Foote for pastoral duty to the Throop Ave. Presbyterian Church.

When we rushed through the woods and swamp up to the firing line at Fair Oaks, I did not think that the Throop Ave. Church, organized during that same month — June, 1862 — was lying low for one of our number, a tall young fellow in the company that suffered the worst that day of any in our regiment.

I little suspected that the wound that knocked him out in that battle was to be the indirect means of his promotion to a captaincy in the militant host of our great Commander on high.

There was good material in that little regiment, especially in that company, and we have n't heard the last of them yet.

The Rev. Anson Judd Upson, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, who was one of Dr. Foote's college professors, writes:

It is certainly most creditable that you can say that "the Church has contributed each year (for the past twenty-five years) \$973 more than it has expended for its current expenses." The Lord has greatly blessed you, my friend, during your twenty-five years of faithful service.

May His blessing continue for many years to come, is my prayer as I write.

The Rev. William N. McHarg, D. D., another of his college professors, writes:

I have watched your history with the liveliest satisfaction, and now rejoice greatly at your happy experience in the best and highest office that is accorded to man — the holy, benevolent, and Christ-like ministry of the gospel of grace and peace. While your blessed work and its excellent results does not allow you to indulge a carnal pride, it yields you a triumphant joy and self-gratulation such as Paul felt when he wrote, "I have fought a good fight: I have kept the faith," and by God's grace imparted the blessed faith to many precious souls, and built up a citadel of truth which will stand for many a year a Beacon of Light in its vicinity to guide successive generations on their voyage of life.

The Rev. Edward C. Ray, D. D., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges, a college friend, writes:

Your course in the college, seminary, and pastorate, and the heart-satisfying success which has crowned your

work through the divine blessing accompanying it, is exceedingly delightful to your friends and to the friends of the Kingdom. The success has come because the divine blessing has found open channels to the world through your character and faithful labor. That consecration which fits us to be channels for the power of the Holy Spirit to reach man, is beautifully illustrated in your history; that consecration seems to me to consist of four things: First, use — doing all we can; second, continuity — keeping everlastingly at it; third, sacrifice — cutting off what would interfere with the one aim; fourth, prayer — faith asking, and obedience, lying open to heavenly influence.

The Rev. Clarence Geddes, pastor of the Moriches Presbyterian Church, N. Y., a seminary classmate, and for some time room-mate, who has frequently preached in the Throop Avenue pulpit, and been in close touch with Dr. Foote, writes:

Time has disclosed great and good things for you, and of all most worthy to receive, for the patient fidelity and unbounded faith and courage with which you have preached and labored.

You have had many good helpers to back you up — but you have proved you are worthy of backing. Best of all God has been underneath and round about, and in you — the grandest of all working forces — and He supplementing all the human energies and forces, and inspiring them. Your silver trumpet has had marvellous power.

I am reminded of those Old Testament words about an Old Testament warrior and his war horn, "And the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon and he blew a trumpet."

Gideon and his war horn are distinguished.

You have had a good horn to blow, and have blown it

well, and the tribes have nobly responded. May it not lose its old power to arouse slumbering saints and awaken Godless souls.

It would not be just in all this ripe harvesting that you have had — and golden sheaves by the hundred — to forget one invaluable helper that has stood by your side and ministered with a patient love and fidelity that only your heart knoweth best, and that has greatly aided in winning your crown of deserving glory. Surely Mrs. Foote has been the real help-meet indeed in all these years of honorable service.

I have not forgotten the wedding morning and the happy pair. No doubt you can remember better than I. But you have walked together and pulled together in the Lord's work — and those womanly hands and that noble heart of your choice have been for you a perpetual inspiration.

The Rev. Henry A. Davenport, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Bridgeport, Conn., a seminary classmate, who has known of the Church through personal friends in the congregation, writes:

Congratulations and blessings for the man whom God has made to stand like a great beacon-light in the face of darkness and tempest for twenty-five years! A Bible-founded, grace-trained, Spirit-nurtured, Heaven-prospered Church like yours puts all Christendom under obligation for its tonic influence.

Such a splendid record and such a sensible program should bring you to high-water mark in Christian fellowship and holy joy and pure purpose for the future.

May your bow long abide in strength!

The Rev. C. M. Des Islets, Ph. D., Professor of

Latin in the Western University of Pennsylvania, a seminary classmate, writes :

I have often thought of you and rejoiced at your very successful work at the Throop Ave. Presbyterian Church. What a great privilege it is to be the means or the instrument in God's hand of building up his kingdom here on earth, where there is so much to offend as well as cheer!

The Rev. Professor Adam McClelland, D. D., of Dubuque German Theological Seminary, and for many years a fellow presbyter, writes :

Very few flocks and shepherds have such reasons for raising their monuments of memorial saying, "Hitherto hath God been our helper." Few churches have so fully and continuously realized in their experience the precious promise, "My Spirit shall be among you."

Truly the blessed Spirit has been with you in his convicting, converting, unifying, sanctifying and comforting power. Yes, and as I can testify, in his heart-enlarging power. You have devised liberal things and so have realized the promise, "By liberal things shall ye stand."

The Rev. J. Milton Greene, D. D., pastor of the Fort Dodge Presbyterian Church, Iowa, and a former fellow presbyter, writes :

My heart beats in liveliest sympathy with the work of God in the dear old city, and especially with such men of God as have figured in the upbuilding of your noble Church and its scions, notably good Mr. James. Let me add my most sincere congratulations and the earnest hope, which is also a sincere prayer, that God may long spare you for still larger and more glorious work in loyalty to His Word and faithfulness to His Church.

The Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell, pastor of the Classon Ave. Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes :

You started your work on no uncertain foundation, and it has endured and enlarged splendidly as time has gone on. I know from many personal expressions that your people love your Church and love you, and by their good works they show that they love the Lord Jesus Christ too.

May the divine blessing that has been given so abundantly to Throop Avenue Church and its beloved pastor in the years that are gone, be continued in the years to come.

The Rev. W. Courtland Robinson, pastor of the Potsdam Presbyterian Church, N. Y., writes :

You have shown that great churches can be built up by straightforward, earnest preaching of the grand old evangelical truths, and quiet, persistent, loving pastoral work, not omitting a close fellowship with God.

The Rev. Frank R. Symmes, pastor of the Tennent Presbyterian Church, N. J., writes :

How plentiful, prosperous, and happy has been your long pastorate among your people ! What a pleasant people, what a beautiful temple, what days of grace have accompanied and crowned your labors ! Long may you live to continue the blessed work, and be favored with the Master's fellowship !

Old Tennent sends greetings to you and your people, and joins with you in your praises to the blessed Lord.

The Rev. John J. Heischman, D. D., pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes :

St. Peter's and I have rejoiced in beholding the rich blessings, both material and spiritual, which the Master

has so generously showered upon the flock under your leadership. We unite with you and your people in these glad festival days in rendering thanks to Him, from whom all blessings flow, and join in ascribing all honor and glory to His Holy Name. We invoke the gracious light of His Countenance upon you and your people for the future. May you be spared to your flock until the golden anniversary crowns your pastorate. May the simple and pure gospel of Jesus Christ cause your Church, more and more, to be a birthplace of eternal life for many souls, and may unity, love and peace ever be the distinguishing characteristics of the congregation over which you preside.

The Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., President of the League for Social Service, New York City, writes :

I think you know that I have a special admiration for your Church and believe very confidently that if all the churches had followed its example in spirit and methods there would be no problem now as to "how to reach the masses."

The Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D. D., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, writes :

I heartily congratulate you and the Throop Avenue Church on the Jubilee celebration.

The friends of Foreign Missions everywhere are interested in this notable event because your Church is one of the conspicuously intelligent and liberal foreign missionary churches of the denomination. May God bless you and your consecrated people during the coming years.

The Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D. D., pastor of the New York Ave. Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, writes :

I have been interested and impressed with the history of your work. You have evidently been ordained to a specific mission, and faithfully and successfully accomplished it.

I have been especially interested to see that it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Foote's pastorate.

It is an unusual thing, in these days, for a man to hold his place so long and so successfully. It is complimentary both to the Church and to the pastor.

May the silver rays be golden. May the week be full of good cheer, and the present only an exceedingly great and precious promise for all of the future.

THE SILVER JUBILEE SERMON.¹

REV. LEWIS RAY FOOTE, D. D.

I . . . SALUTE YOU IN THE LORD.

Romans 16-22.



PAUL was a great thinker, a great man, a great apostle, a foremost preacher, and he influenced the thought of the world more powerfully than any mere man who ever lived. His letters abound with personal salutations. This is true of the Epistle to the Romans, from which our text is taken, the last chapter of which contains hardly anything else, and it is true of the Epistles to the Corinthians, the Epistle to the Colossians, the Epistle to the Philip-pians, and of the Epistles to Timothy. Why, do you suppose, Paul saluted these groups of humble be-lievers, to whom he wrote, with so much particularity and emphasis? It is manifest that he saluted them because he was in perfect fellowship with them and their work. He saluted them because they believed with him in one God, and in Jesus Christ his Son as the Redeemer of the world, and in the Holy Spirit, under whose ministry the divine accomplishment in redemption was to be perfected; because they be-lieved with him that the life of the present bore the profoundest relations to the eternities beyond. These

¹ See page 3.



beliefs were central, controlling, and inspiring in him, and they were central, controlling, and inspiring in them. He was satisfied that their deepest convictions, drawn from the Holy Scriptures, were identical with his own. Christ was to them, as to him, the King, and the Redeemer, the Lover and Saviour of men. His salutations therefore went out to them, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, from a heart surcharged with these convictions, and aflame with love to God and man. He saluted them because he was in perfect fellowship with them, and their work was his, and his was theirs. He had been commissioned as an apostle to the Gentile world, to make known the gospel of Jesus Christ, by which immortal souls were to be saved. He and they had the vision of Christ, and he and they had His Spirit within them. He and they had been intrusted with that gospel, to publish it abroad to earth's remotest bounds. They were both filled with enthusiasm for the work. It was for this reason he so generously saluted them.

For a like reason, at the close of these twenty-five years, during which we have been so intimately associated together, as minister and people, in the sacred work of evangelizing the world, my beloved people, I salute you in the Lord. For our convictions, our beliefs, our privileges, our duties and obligations, in the gospel, are similar to those of Paul and the early Church. There is therefore an immense amount of gospel principle and gospel power condensed in these salutations. While no mere minister of the gospel can emulate the great apostle, as

minister and people we have had a similar experience of grace, and we have been commissioned to preach, practise, and spread the same gospel, and in our measure of ability and opportunity, have borne, and still bear, a responsibility and privilege, similar to those of Paul and the early Church. We are all bound together with the same bands of divine love, for the extension of his kingdom. In the measure in which human hearts have a common experience of saving, serving, and sanctifying grace, whether in gladness or sorrow, they flow together, and

The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When a church therefore and her minister are fired by such common aspirations, and stirred to such holy endeavors as inspired the apostle Paul and those to whom he wrote, a salutation, in the Lord, is both natural and necessary.

Paul's salutation signified affection, admiration, reverence, and commendation. This is the signification put upon the text as used on this occasion. I am persuaded that there is far too small a recognition made among men of the importance of a congregation of believers as a factor and a force for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. The Church as a body should realize that it is a very large factor in helping or hindering the work, in making or unmaking the minister. The heart of a genuine minister bears a keen sense of indebtedness towards a congregation which he has served for many years, for all of that peculiarly helpful ministry, by which they have helped him to be what God would have him to

be, and to do what God would have him to do. The credit of any successful work is more apt to be given to him who is providentially placed at the head of it as leader, than to his flock, when in reality and under God the credit is equally due to the latter. The success of many a man in his life work is due, under God, to his wife, though her name never appears as a factor at all. Congregations make and unmake what are called successful pastors, and successful pastorates. I salute you as a congregation for those influences, both numerous and stimulating, toward all ministerial and manly endeavor, which have come through you and from you into your minister's life. These are the real goodness and bounty of God to his ministers. These influences are more precious and valuable to a minister than rubies, yea, than thousands of silver and gold. I recognize God's watchfulness and guidance over all my life. His ministries have been like the stars for multitude and unspeakably precious. But I count it as one of the greatest tokens of His favor, that He sent me here at the opening of my ministry. I am perfectly sure that God meant me to come here, and I am perfectly sure that He meant me to remain here until this day; and I am very glad to say that, like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, I have felt it good to be here. I am profoundly grateful to Him for these provisions of His providence. I salute you as a Church, for all of your helpful ministries which have been among the most precious thoughts of His divine love, for the shaping of my character, and preparing me for His service.

I should be untrue to my own convictions of duty,

and I doubt if as a congregation you would be willing to forgive me, if I did not here openly acknowledge the one most precious gift of God to me, next to my Saviour, whose help, and sympathy, and love, and zeal, and devotion, and coöperation, in all that has pertained to my life work among you, have been simply incalculably valuable to me. Mrs. Foote, I salute you in the Lord, with all my heart.

Then, too, I salute this church upon this occasion, for its steadfast allegiance to the word of God, and to the faith once for all delivered to the saints. In these days, our eyes and our ears are altogether too familiar with assaults made upon the Bible, upon its integrity, upon its authority, upon its right to command and control the minds of men. I salute you upon the fact that such assaults have found no hearing and no sympathy in this presence. You have not felt that your faith needed to be modified by the changes of civilization, or that it needed to be the subject of modification, as are the styles of architecture or of dress. To you, the things to be believed were once for all delivered to man, and the revelation of God is not the subject of revision. You have held to the old Book, the Book your fathers loved, and trusted, and rejoiced in; the Book which contains God's revelation to man, the Book of God's appointment as the instrument of saving the world, and of lifting it back to God, from whence it has fallen and wandered away; the Book which has been the source of your comfort in sorrow, of your light in the hour of darkness, and the source of all your aspirations and endeavors in the effort of holy living. I salute

you upon the fact that your faith, founded on that blessed Book, has stood without a particle of wavering. And I salute you upon the fact that all the power and inspiration you have toward holy living, are traceable to that Book. I salute you upon all the power and inspiration you have drawn from that Book, to enable you to live rightly yourselves, and for all that power and inspiration which have emanated from that Book, which have prompted and inspired you to send forth to the world the same blessings which have enriched and made glad your own lives.

I salute you upon your love and loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, the King and Saviour of men, and the Lord of heaven. As a Church you have always held the name of Jesus supreme in your thought, in your affection, and in your worship. As a Church you were founded in His name, and you have been consecrated to His service, and filled and inspired with the glory of His promise. Christ is in you the hope of glory, the chiefest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. I would therefore in this connection, reverently and adoringly, salute Him, the great Head of this Church, who has gathered it, kept it, quickened it, and filled it, with His spirit and truth, unto this day.

I salute you for the unique, generous, patient, persistent, faithful service which some of you have rendered for twenty-five years, which some of you have rendered for forty-six years. I most reverently salute that noble band of workers, who first began this enterprise in 1852, some of whom are now on

Foreign Missionary fields, some of whom are now in Europe, some of whom are in distant parts of our own land, and some of whom are in heaven. No one would be rash enough to call the service they rendered, perfect. But no one acquainted with the elements of self-sacrifice, which distinguished their service, would fail to see the beauty of God, in the patience and fidelity, they displayed. I salute all of them to-day, both on account of their work, and on account of the blessings and honor which God has put upon it. It is the greatest privilege and honor of my life, as the minister of this Church, to salute this noble band of workers on earth and in heaven.

I salute the workers of the last quarter-century, as having contributed in their service such elements as God in His providence seemed to call for, while in some particulars they differed from those made in the earlier years.

The Mount Olivet work, for example, started January 1, 1882, had in it an unusual element of self-sacrifice which has been crowned with the special favor of God. I salute all of that noble band of workmen, present and absent, in the Lord.

The patience and fidelity of the officers and teachers of the Church Sabbath School, as well as the quality of their work, have come more directly under my immediate observation. Much of this work has been of the very finest character, and God has crowned it with the crown of His own beauty.

No small part of the growth of the Church has been consequent upon the faithful work of the Sabbath-school workers, who have done so much dur-

ing this quarter-century toward winning the 1,248 persons who have been added to the roll of communicants on confession of their faith, a large percentage of whom have come from the Sabbath Schools.

I salute all such faithful workers, in the Lord. I salute the present patient, faithful, unflagging workers, in both the Sabbath Schools of this Church. Only eternity will disclose the results of all your toil, but eternity will disclose it, and you will have your full reward there, for the Master Himself has said, that every one shall be rewarded as his work shall be.

This Church has been blest with a large force of faithful women who have been, not only the great power in the Sabbath Schools, but who have effectively organized themselves for missionary work, and have effected the organization of mission bands amongst the young ladies, the young men, the boys, and the girls, and their educational and training efforts among these classes of young people along missionary lines have been simply incalculable for good. Besides, the Women's Weekly Prayer Meeting has been maintained for twenty-five years. I salute all these faithful women, in the Lord.

The associations of the young people in every form in which they have been organized, have always been thoroughly alive and loyal to the spiritual interests which should prevail in such organizations. It is therefore with especial joy that I salute the Young People's Associations of Christian Endeavor. The young people of this congregation, have always been

a source of such great strength to this Church, because they have been so early, and so largely won to Christ, and have been so loyally, and lovingly, and gladly, attached to His service. It is an occasion for especial salutation, when young people find their joy in loyal service to Christ. The strength of our young men, and the beauty of our young women, lie in their relations to Christ and His work. By such instrumentalities, our sons have become as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters have become as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

There has always been a large amount of work to be done by the Board of Deacons. I salute that Board of conscientious servants who have faithfully performed their delicate and difficult labor of love.

In a Church like this, where so much money has been raised and expended for buildings, the Board of Trustees have had a great deal of important business to transact. I salute this Board upon the manner in which that business has been done, and upon the results of their labors, as shown in the beauty, comfort, and convenience of our buildings, as well as upon the prosperous condition of the financial interests of the church.

The strength of a Presbyterian Church, lies in its Session. This Church has been blessed during its entire history with a body of elders who have been eminent for their ability and piety, loyal to their covenant vows, and pre-eminently faithful, and self-sacrificing in their service. The things which constitute our joy to-day are owing to the wisdom,

patience, love, and untiring and self-sacrificing service of the elders of this Church. I salute them, both those on earth and those in heaven, in the Lord.

This is a migratory age. Men and women come and go to-day as never before in the world's history. Nearly 2,100 members have been received into the membership of this church during the quarter-century now closing. There were about 135 on the roll, twenty-five years ago. Less than 250 have been translated to heaven, while there are a few more than 900 on the roll to-day. Hundreds, who found their spiritual life among us, as well as hundreds who came to us by letter from other churches, have gone elsewhere, and in numerous instances, as we have reason to know, have kept their spiritual life and service pitched to that key which has been recognized as the standard here. All such, whether present or absent, with something of Paul's gladness, I salute, in the Lord, to-day.

I salute those of this Church present and absent, who in 1862, inaugurated the plans for monthly Missionary Offerings, which have been followed without interruption or intermission for thirty-six years. I salute the mover¹ of that resolution with whom the idea originated, who was at the time only twenty-one years of age. I salute the entire Church on earth and in heaven, who have regularly, for longer or shorter periods, made conscience of their Offerings to the Lord Jesus Christ, for Home and Foreign Missions, as well as for all other work for Christ.

¹ Mr. Robert Henderson.

I salute you as a Church upon the total funds contributed, by you, during these twenty-five years. They amount to \$389,525, being an annual average sum of \$15,581. \$82,000 have been contributed for the two enlargements of the Chapel, and for the erection of this edifice. \$141,623 have been contributed for current expenses, an annual average sum of \$5,605. \$165,902 have been contributed for benevolence, an annual average sum of \$6,638. I salute you upon the facts contained in these figures. I salute you upon the fact that you have contributed for benevolence each year \$973 more than you have expended for current expenses. I salute you upon the fact that in twenty-five years you have not only contributed for benevolence as much as you have used on your own current church expenses, but that you have contributed \$24,279, more.

I salute you as a Church, upon these facts, and I salute you upon the fact that during these years of large gifts for buildings, the sum total of money contributed for benevolence steadily rose, and not one of the regular objects of benevolence, recommended by our General Assembly, has ever been laid aside, neither has an offering ever been intermitted, on account of local demands upon our funds.

I salute you especially upon your response to the demands of Church Extension in our Presbytery. For two years this Church has headed the roll of contributing Churches to this work, and it has not failed to make its proportionate offering to it for fourteen years. You aided Bedford Church a little during the last year and a half, and what do you think Bedford did last Sabbath? She actually sub-

scribed over \$1,000 to support a foreign missionary. I salute you, dear brethren, on earth and in heaven, who responded to that call one and a half years ago to aid Bedford Church, and I salute Bedford for this act of benevolence, with all my heart.

I salute all of you who have responded conscientiously to all the demands God has made upon you for His cause, both at home and abroad.

I salute you as a Church, furthermore, upon the fact that you were willing to worship in a plain Chapel with bare floors, except in the aisles, up to 1890, and that for nearly the same length of time you were content with a cabinet organ to lead your worship of song, until in the providence of God, you were able to arise and build this beautiful and commodious edifice, and pay for it. I salute you upon the fact that when you dedicated this edifice to the Lord on Easter Sunday, 1893, it was paid for, and that no mortgage ever rested upon it. I salute you upon the fact that your entire church property is paid for and that your current expense bills are paid up to date. And I salute you upon the fact that so largely, more largely than ever before in your history, the entire church membership makes conscience of all financial obligations for Christ and his cause.

This Church began in self-denying and generous service. It has gone on in such service. I salute you as a Church upon the fact that generous co-operation, in local and foreign proclamation of the gospel, is felt to be both a privilege and a duty, and I trust more of a privilege than a duty.

And I salute you upon the fact that emphasis

has been here kept, upon the gospel *spoken*, as the power by which, and through which, not only the salvation of men shall be secured, but the means by which, and through which, all the elements of a complex civilization shall be advanced. So-called institutional methods may be good in some of their phases and in some places, but nothing can ever take the place of the gospel anywhere; and in no form, we believe, is the gospel more likely to be received than when it is spoken in love. Nothing will save a lost world but the pure gospel spoken from loving and Christ-like hearts, and it is our belief that the gospel when it is received, will produce in its recipients all the institutions which they may require for their comfort and development.

In an age so largely given to pleasure, I salute you as a Church, that you have never been disposed to stand merely or largely for entertainment and social enjoyment: that in an age of great intellectual and scientific advancement you have never been disposed to allow purely scientific truth or philosophical or literary attractions to supplant the pure gospel, but that as a Church you have stood first and foremost for the pure gospel, and for such generous Christian service as lay in your power. And I challenge all such individuals and households, as have stood squarely and earnestly for this gospel, through the years, many or few, in number, to stand forth and make it known, if God has not kept his promise that such should not want any good thing.

I salute you as a Church in the Lord, for you are my "glory" and "crown of rejoicing."

I salute you upon the peace and harmony which have prevailed among you during these twenty-five years, and upon the absence of discord and roots of bitterness, and upon the explanation of this state of things, which it is not difficult to find, in the fact that you have had plenty of other and more remunerative occupation, and that the grace of God has been furnished to you in such abundance, as to save you from such spiritual disaster. You have been the temple of the Holy Spirit, and your hands have been so full of service, and you have been so impelled and sustained in the service by the power of the Holy Spirit, that your hearts have been free from the mud and mire of clamor and discord. I salute you upon the fact that the running brook of your life has so sparkled in the divine sunlight of service, as to give you the joy of serving, rather than the bitterness of grumbling.

In saluting you as a Church, as I do to-day in the Lord, at the close of this quarter-century, I salute admiringly, reverently, affectionately, not the living alone, but also in loving memory I salute those who have been borne from us up to the higher sphere, leaving upon us their benediction, and the precious memory of their character, and the glad assurance that they must be informed of our life and progress, and must utter in that Presence, where they abide, their earnest prayer on our behalf. Some of you know full well that the happiest households are not those which have been unvisited by the pale messenger we call Death. Some of you well know that there is nothing that so unites a household as

the removal of one of its members to the realms above. And what is true of households is true of churches, which are only a combination of households.

I joyfully salute the little children, the boys and the girls, the young men and the maidens, the men and the women in middle life, the venerable and the aged who have gone from us, a great cloud of witnesses, who encompass us to-day. I salute the Church as here gathered, but I salute the Church on high, still one with us, whose faith is vision and whose song is made perfect, and who in their glorious life remember us, and rejoice with us, and pray for our fidelity and prosperity.

Need I remind you, beloved, that my salutation to you contains love, reverence, admiration, and sincere joy?

It is a rare privilege we all enjoy that we have with us to-day him from whose flock the early workers in this enterprise went forth. On behalf of this congregation, whose first members were by you, dear Dr. Wells, surrendered for its formation at the recognized command of your Master, though not without tears in your household, as you have previously in this presence testified, I most affectionately salute you in the Lord, rejoicing in all you have been by God's grace to this Church, from its foundation, and rejoicing that your early sacrifice is your present joy.

I salute this Church to-day lovingly, admiringly, reverently. And I would remind you that salutation implies not merely approval and commenda-

tion, but increase of petition, hope, and desire, that all the promise of its past may be fulfilled in its future. This will require, under God, that you be mightily potential for the magnificent task which confronts you in coming days. You must be leal, loyal, loving, active, aggressive, energetic, determined, and persistent, in your service for Christ, and whereunto you have already attained you must, by all means, walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing.


Let every one of us adopt the motto of Scotland's great preacher,

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming, too :
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.


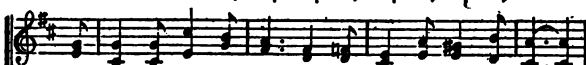
Our Joyful Song.¹

FRANK J. CROSBY.

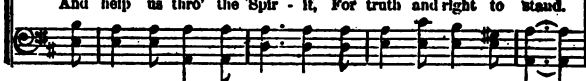

WM. H. WALKER, JR.



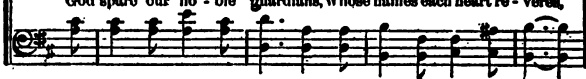

1. Ring out, O hap - py chil - dren, Ring out, our sweet - est lays,
 2. All hon - or to the foun - ders, Who watch'd our school with care,
 3. O'er re - gions dark and lone - ly, From this dear home so bright,
 4. God keep us ev - er faith - ful, To His di - vine com - mand,

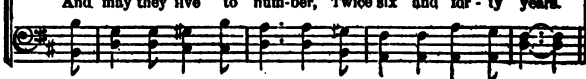
And sing to our Cre - a - tor, A song of joy - ful praise.
 And look - ing up to Je - sus, They sought His aid in pray'r.
 How ma - ny sons have car - ried, The lamp of gos - pel light.
 And help us thro' the Spir - it, For truth and right to stand.

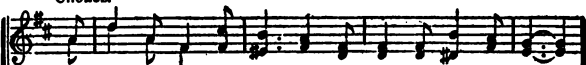
We come to hail with glad - ness The school each heart re - veres,
 He heard their earn - est plead - ing, And lo! to - day ap - pears,
 In thought they now are with' us, They bless with grate - ful tears,
 God spurs our no - ble guardians, Whose names each heart re - veres,

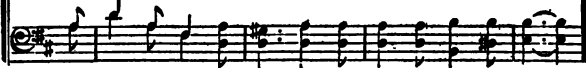
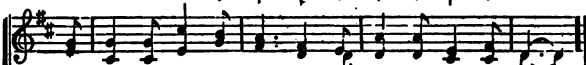
Our mis - sion school that num - bers, Its six and for - ty years.
 Our mis - sion school that num - bers, Its six and for - ty years.
 Our mis - sion school that num - bers, Its six and for - ty years.
 And may they live to num - ber, Twice six and for - ty years.



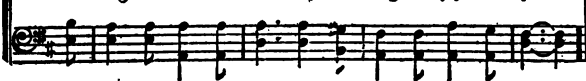
Chorus.



Ring out, O hap - py chil - dren, Ring out, our sweet - est lays:

And sing to our cre - a - tor, A song of joy - ful praise.



Dedicated to Mr. Henry M. Strong.

¹ See page 4.



THE CHARACTER OF OUR KING.¹

REV. LOUIS O. ROTENBACH.



I VENTURE to remark that there is n't another school that can sing more heartily and joyously than you, for as we sat here upon the platform and listened while you swung through the hymn — "We Are Volunteers," it rolled up a majestic chorus. Furthermore, I doubt whether there exists another school that can show an array of faces brighter and more attentive than yours. You're an inspiration to any one whose privilege it is to address you.

Permit me to bring to you the cordial greeting and congratulation of the Church and Sabbath School of Stony Point, N. Y. We rejoice together with you upon this happy occasion, your day and week of Jubilee.

Methinks, not one of that brave and devoted band of young people, who, years ago, made their way across the swamp that then was, through winter and summer, in order to carry on the work of the Throop Avenue Mission Sabbath School — methinks, not one of them probably ever suspected the proportions and importance to which that work would grow, and the blessing and power God would bestow.

¹ See page 4.

We congratulate the Throop Avenue Mission upon her glorious work. We salute your superintendent, Mr. James, who for more than forty years has faithfully guided the work. We greet your corps of workers who have efficiently stood by the work, and we rejoice that you have been privileged to have this devoted servant of God — Dr. Foote — for twenty-five years, as pastor.

Let me ask, why was this work of the Throop Avenue Mission undertaken? Why was it carried on so perseveringly and successfully? It was undertaken and carried on in honor of the Great Master, Jesus Christ, our King. That brings me to the subject which has been assigned me — “The Character of Our King.”

What is a king? He is the honored and crowned ruler of a kingdom. As such he is an important personage, he enjoys distinctive honors and exercises great power. There have been a great many kings in the history of the world. They differed from one another. One had one trait — another, another. One was peculiar in one way, and another in another way. These traits and peculiarities made up the characteristics — yes, the distinguishing character of each king.

Now, in order to speak of the character of “Our King” we must touch upon those traits in his life that distinguish him from all other kings.

First then, “Our King” was marked by *Humility*. The history of ordinary kings is a record of pomp and show, of splendor and pageantry. This you could see for yourselves in the report of the crown-

ing of the Kaiser in Germany, and that of the Czar in Russia.

"Our King" was born where? In a Royal Palace? He was cradled in a manger! His home was that of the humble peasant. When He went forth to teach, He had not where to lay His head. Did gold-be-spangled retainers surround Him? A band of Galilean fishermen were His followers! Jerusalem was anxiously looking for a king. When *He* came, did she fling wide open her gates, and give Him a welcome? Kingly splendor and regal power was what Jerusalem was looking for. She waited for one who by force of arms would put Rome under her feet. When this humble Galilean came she crowned Him—but it was with thorns; the Royal Purple she flung over His shoulders, but it was taken from the rubbish heap. A Sceptre was placed in His hand—but it was a broken reed of derision and mockery.

Yes, "Our King" is characterized, not by the boastful vanity of a Nebuchadnezzar, but by the Humility of the Christ of God.

Then again, "Our King" is characterized by Love and Sympathy.

You remember studying in your Sabbath-school lessons of the Widow of Nain. Through the gateway of that city we saw coming a procession—a number of young men were carrying out to burial the body of one of their companions. Right behind, bowed in sorrow, with her white face tear-stained, came the dead man's mother. Her husband was dead. One by one her relatives had died, until this boy alone was left as her help and comfort in old

age, and death has ruthlessly taken him. Oh, how burdened with grief is her heart, and we grow sad as we look upon her.

But we are not the only ones who see her and feel for her. "Our King," Jesus, is there. He, too, feels her sorrow. He stops the burial party, speaks to the dead. He rises to life, and Jesus gives him back to his mother. Oh, the joy that is hers!

You remember, too, in your study, poor "blind Bartimeus" sitting by the way — when he cried, Jesus heard him and gave him sight. Then the "Ten Lepers" that cried to Him for help. He healed them! And when the mothers were bringing their little children to Him, his disciples tried to push them back, but He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Yes, great Love and deep Sympathy, these characterize "Our King." None are so bad, so poor, so young, but that He is ready to wipe away their tears and to bless them.

"*Our King*" is also a *Self-Sacrificing King*. How different is He in this from all other kings who seem only to seek their own!

Years ago, when Louis XIV and Louis XV were the kings of France, that country was in a very bad condition. The kings and the nobles thought that the people were for them to use. So they got out of them all they could. They taxed them, ground them down so they themselves might have plenty. Things got so bad that it was n't uncommon to find the bodies of women and children at the roadsides

and in the woods who had starved to death. Those kings sacrificed the people for themselves. "Our King" sacrificed Himself for us. He left His glorious home in Heaven, came down upon a sinful earth, lived our common experience from cradle to grave, suffered and finally gave His life upon the cross for you and for me, that we might be redeemed and our life be filled with joy. Nothing was too good for Him to give, not even His life!

Then again, "Our King" is a *Mighty and Eternal King*. You who study history know that it records the defeat and overthrow of king after king. The record of "Our King" is a list of victories and triumphs not simply for a few years, but century after century. He is marching triumphantly through the earth. The Roman bowed before Him, the Anglo-Saxon yielded to Him, the Mongolian is hesitating now. The time is surely coming when Heaven will open once again, and He shall descend to ascend His throne to reign, not a few years as an earthly king, but to reign for ever and ever as King of kings and Lord of lords.

All nations of earth and their kings will be gathered to see Him. You and I will be there. Then, if we have had faith in Him, and have been obedient to Him, with great joy will we greet Him as "Our King," and He will say to us, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

THE JOY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE KING.¹

REV. ARNOLD W. FISMER.



I AM happy to be with you this afternoon. Whenever my friends are having a good time, I love to be present. And what a glorious good time you *are* having! Why, you may wear your best Sunday clothes every day this week and celebrate jubilee upon jubilee to your hearts' content.

Now, I have come here just for a short half hour to congratulate you upon three joyful facts:

First of all, I want to congratulate you upon the fact that our dear Dr. Foote has been your pastor for twenty-five blessed years. There is a peculiar relationship between Dr. Foote and myself. This church is the mother of my church on Hopkins Street; so I must be Dr. Foote's son-in-law and he is my kindly father-in-law. Ah, yes, a good father in the Lord he has been to you and to me, to all of us, for twenty-five long years. Let us all love him as children love a father. Be very good and kind to him. Don't forget him in your prayers. Ask Jesus to bless him and keep him with us another twenty-five years.

¹ See page 4.

In the second place I want to congratulate you upon the fact that to-day you are forty-six years old. Forty-six long years ago *our* Mr. James started this school, and, thank God, here he is to-day, every bit as charming and as much in love with his Sunday School as he was half a century ago. And his Sunday School? Why it is just as young and even better looking than it was then, although it is now old enough to be grandmother. Indeed, this school has become a blessed grandmother: our Hopkins Street Church is her grandchild. That is the reason I came here to rejoice with you. You know a grandchild is always invited to a grandma's birthday party.

And now let me congratulate you upon a third glorious fact, suggested by the subject on which I am to speak to you for a little while: you are, all of you, sons and daughters of a great king. What is this bright thing I hold in my hand? "A crystal." Right! But tell me now to what kingdom this crystal belongs. "To the mineral kingdom." And to what kingdom do these flowers belong? "To the vegetable kingdom." And to what kingdom does this little child belong? "To the heavenly kingdom." Yes, indeed, the crystal belongs to the mineral kingdom, the flowers to the vegetable kingdom, but you are of the kingdom of heaven.

A great many years ago, a great and mighty king sent his son on an important mission into a distant foreign country. The son left his golden crown, together with all the insignia of royalty, in his father's house and chose to travel incognito, as an ordinary citizen.

But ah, the people very soon recognized in him the royal features and noble characteristics of a king, and everywhere they gathered round him in great multitudes. The police officers often had a hard time scattering the crowds and clearing the way. And when, one day, anxious mothers with little children in their arms, crowded round him, why, even his closest followers barricaded the way, crying out to the frightened mothers: "Halt, stand back there, pass on, you cannot speak to the king, he will not stop on the street to stoop to a child!" But when the king heard this he cried out aloud: "Don't forbid those children to come unto me! Let them come one and all; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." You know this kindly king; it is Jesus, the king of glory, about whom Mr. Rotenbach spoke to us.

This great king was the first king who showed a genuine sympathy for childhood.

King Pharaoh of Egypt and king Herod of Jerusalem ordered a wholesale slaughter of children.

The wise Greek philosopher Plato said: "Send the children away to the nursery," but Jesus said: "Bring them to me, I will bless them, I will care for them, even as a father careth for his children."

President and Mrs. McKinley have no children of their own. Now, suppose that this afternoon there should come into this audience-room, down the centre aisle, the President himself, and say to a boy and a girl having neither father, mother, nor home: "I will be your father, you shall be my son and you shall be my daughter." Don't you think that boy and that girl would be made very happy?

Now, boys and girls, this very thing is really being fulfilled in a much grander sense in your *own* case. Jesus, the King of kings, is among you this afternoon, and he tells every boy and every girl here present: "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." (2 Cor. 6:18.) So you see that it is my pleasure to talk this afternoon to sons and daughters of the King of kings. Just think how rich you are! What precious privileges, what unusual advantages you enjoy! A few years ago I saw in the city of Berlin the children of the Emperor of Germany. They were out driving. The oldest, the Crown Prince, was riding a fine Asiatic pony; the others were seated in a brand-new sort of a baby tallyho pleasure-coach, with an escort of uniformed guards on horseback following behind. That was a splendid little parade. Fairy-like they passed on in glitter and grandeur amongst the smiles and cheers of a gazing crowd; and I said to myself: Surely, the youngsters of royalty have many privileges and pleasures which are denied ordinary mortals. But are we going to envy them? No, not by any means! We're free-born American boys and girls, and we are, all of us, children of the King of kings, and as such have greater pleasures and grander enjoyments by far than any mortal king's children on the face of the earth.

Let me call your attention to just a few of them.

I. There are the sacred joys of *the Christian home*. It was Jesus that made home, sweet home, so sweet to us, a resort of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; 'where, loving and beloved, parents and children

mingle in bliss." I would n't sell, for all the money a king could give me, the memory of the home of my childhood. That memory is the bright halo sacredly inclosing my whole life; it is the fire-line of circumvallation that keeps the enemy out. Even now, when the tempter comes to annoy me, I have a vision: I see in a Western home a young boy kneeling at his mother's side. The mother weeps and prays; the boy arises, grave and moved; with his inmost being changed, he starts out to try to live a noble, useful life. Ah, that picture I would n't give up for Raphael's grandest oil-painting!

And then there is that other scene of home I shall never forget: One Sunday morning my dear father, who is now in heaven, took both my hands, looked me square in the face and down into my heart, and said: "Arnold, don't you think it's time to give yourself to Jesus?" It was then that I made up my mind to prove that I loved Jesus by serving him all my life.

I thank Jesus to-day for the lasting sacred joys of home. And I want you to do so likewise. Boys and girls, remember it was Jesus that elevated and beautified your home. Always appreciate and love your home as a gift of Jesus, and let it ever be to you the dearest place on earth.

II. Next to home the greatest gift of King Jesus to children is the *Sunday School*.

This day especially should we rejoice that Jesus gave us the Sunday School. Not all boys and girls have been so fortunate. In the little town in Illinois where I was born there was none. My fa-

ther started the first Sunday School there just about the time this church was being organized; and having to preach every second Sunday at another place, and there being no Mr. James in town, my mother was made superintendent of that school.

One Sunday she told us the story about the bad king Ahab and the good king Joash. In holy wrath I hurried home and scratched away King Ahab's crown in our illustrated Family Bible. The punishment I bore with Stoic resignation. One thing only I regretted: by mistake I had taken off the *good* king's crown instead of Ahab's.

Take warning, boys and girls, don't wreak out vengeance rashly, lest you get hold of the wrong man's crown. But whatever you do, love your Sunday School, stick to it so long as you live. If you were as old as Methuselah, whose days were 969 years, you are not too *old*; if you were as big as Goliath, you are not too *big*; and if you were as wise as Solomon, you are not too *wise*, to go to Sunday School.

Why, look at Mr. James! For forty-six years he comes to this one Sunday School, and by no means does he intend quitting it. It's the Sunday School that keeps him so young and so happy. I wish every one of you would follow his example, love the Sunday-school work as he does, and later on become teachers and superintendents, starting more Sunday Schools like this one, which, indeed, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. For nearly fifty years it has stood, a bright and shining light, pouring out streams of blessings into the hearts and homes of

thousands and tens of thousands of parents and children and children's children.

It is, indeed, a living fountain of God, full of fresh water, and every faithful scholar and teacher is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

III. This suggests to us another of the unspeakable joys we have in Jesus: we are *the King's soldiers*.

Jesus is our King; we are his soldiers; the Sunday School is the armory where the King's young soldiers are drilled and equipped to conquer this whole world for the King of kings. For every man he has a plan. There is some field to conquer for every boy and every girl.

Many of you boys, I know, were sorry you were not big enough to go down to Cuba and become heroes like Hobson and Roosevelt and Schley. But you can do greater things for King Jesus.

I would rather do the simplest deed of kindness than sink the Spanish fleet, as did Dewey at Manila and Schley and Sampson at Santiago. I would rather give to a poor and thirsty soul a cup of cool water and a word of comfort than to reap the blood-dipped glory of Roosevelt and Shafter and Miles.

That is what Jesus would have me do, and that is my joy, my delight, and my very great reward.

IV. But there is still a greater joy. Jesus himself tells us not to rejoice on account of wonderful deeds accomplished; but rather to rejoice because *our names are written in heaven*.

The best book in the world is the Bible, but the

biggest book in the world is the Register used at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. In this book every visitor to the World's Fair was permitted to write his name. But there is a book in heaven, called the Book of Life, in which all the millions and millions of people who believe in the Lord Jesus and love him will have their names written. Every one of these names will be very dear to Jesus for ever and ever. In the very last book of the Bible he says: "I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life"; and he has promised to make all his own kings and priests unto God. So you see it is really a greater pleasure to have your name in the Book of Life in heaven, than to be some king or queen on earth. Is *your* name written there? If it is, there are a thousand untold joys awaiting you. Let me tell you of just a single one.

You will wear crowns like kings and queens. Not like this one, of course (placing a paper crown on his head), but crowns every bit as precious as that of the Queen of England.

In Holland a few weeks ago a young girl, Wilhelmina, was crowned Queen of Holland. She is the only girl in the whole kingdom that has the right to wear a crown. But up there in the kingdom of heaven every one of you girls may have this pleasure.

In the kingdom of Spain there is but one petted boy, Alfonso, who expects, some day, to be crowned king of Spain. But in the kingdom of heaven every one of you boys shall have a crown of your own.

It is promised you in the last book of the Bible on one condition: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This means, be faithful to Jesus, faithful to father and mother, faithful to your Sunday School and church, faithful in all things. If you be that, the promise will surely be fulfilled, the King of kings will crown you with the crown of life and will say to you: "Good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE CHARACTER OF OUR KING.¹

REV. WM. J. HUTCHINS.



I COULD wish that my theme might be treated by your pastor, whose character has so assimilated to the character of his King, and whose twenty-five years of service among us have helped hundreds to an appreciation, and at least a partial realization, of the character of the Christ.

In our Sabbath-school lesson to-day, the prophet foretells the Messiah's kingdom. It is a sublime ideal—a kingdom that spreads from shore to shore, a kingdom from which the knowledge of Jehovah banishes all that pains and stings, a kingdom in which wickedness shall be stamped out, in which justice shall be done to the meek, and righteousness wrought out for the poor.

But the prophet loves to linger upon the character of Him who is to rule this coming kingdom. Jehovah's spirit shall rest upon Him, Jehovah's will He shall be quick to seek. His girdle shall be righteousness and faithfulness. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

¹ See page 5.

The prophet's ideal of King and Kingdom has been marvelously realized in the Son of God and in the Kingdom of God, which He proclaimed.

But from the prophet's characterization of the coming King, I should like to turn to the King's self-characterization, which is found in its most perfect form in the tenth chapter of John's gospel. And there we find Isaiah's sketch filled in, glorified, transfigured. It is Jesus that speaks. "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put all forth, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

Thus does Christ fill in, glorify, transfigure the prophet's sketch. He bids us now think of Him not merely as a king, but as a shepherd, not merely as a judge, but as a personal guide, not merely as a destroyer, but as a suffering Saviour.

Our King then thinks of Himself as of a shepherd, and He thinks of us as His sheep. It is not the first or the last time that the figure of the shepherd comes to the Saviour's lips. He had compassion on the multitude as sheep not having a shepherd. In the 15th of Luke, in that matchless defense of His love and care for publicans and sinners, He uses of Himself the same figure of the shepherd, who in compassion seeks for the one sheep that has gone astray. In His last instructions to Peter He bids him as an under-shepherd: "Feed my lambs."

The full force of the figure can scarcely be appre-

ciated by us westerners. A writer reminds us that while with us sheep are often left to themselves, in the East a flock of sheep is seldom without its shepherd. "In such a landscape as Judæa, where a day's pasture is scattered over an unfenced tract of country, covered with delusive paths, still frequented by wild beasts and rolling off into the desert, the man and his character are indispensable. On some high moor, across which at night the hyenas howl, when you meet him, sleepless, far-sighted, weather-beaten, armed, leaning on his staff, and looking out over his scattered sheep, every one of them on his heart, you understand why the shepherd of Judæa sprang to the front in his people's history, why they gave his name to their king, why Christ took him as the type of self-sacrifice."

Christ thinks of Himself as the shepherd, of us as His sheep. How great is the comfort in the thought! The sheep is one of the most defenseless of animals. It has not the speed of the deer, the endurance of the camel, the brain of the dog. It's just a poor, silly sheep. And we are poor, silly sheep, going astray, turning every one to his own way. O Christ, I cannot defend myself. Thou must be my defense. I cannot think for myself. Thou must think for me. I cannot even plan for myself. I dare not choose my lot. Choose Thou for me, my Lord. And Christ accepts the responsibility we throw upon Him. "I am the good shepherd."

Our King is a shepherd. As a shepherd, He calleth His own sheep by name. Christ individualizes His followers. He thinks not of Christendom, but of

Christians, not of churches, but of church-members, not of presbyteries, but of Presbyterians. He does not think of us as so many head of sheep. I don't suppose we shall ever know the full meaning of His words, until we meet our King in heaven, until there as a shepherd, He calleth us each by name. Yet we can in a measure understand His words even now. I have recently seen two pictures, which you have doubtless seen. One represents President McKinley standing by, while his Secretary of State signs the peace protocol which ends a terrible war, which decides the fate of at least two islands, and which prepares the way, we trust, for the liberation of ten millions of people. The other picture represents the President shaking hands with one of the sick soldiers at Camp Wikoff, and from these pictures I get a faint far-away idea of what it means, when I read that He, in whom all things were created, in whom all things consist, the King of kings, is as well the good shepherd, who calls each of His sheep by name.

Never a trial, that He is not there,
Never a burden that He does not bear,
Never a sorrow that He does not share,
Moment by moment, I 'm under His care.

Does it seem incredible? Remember He who feeds the five thousand, cares for the life of a wee little girl in Capernaum, and commands that "something be given her to eat." Remember that He who walks upon the waves of Gennesaret and stills their tumult, is the One who loves to clasp a little babe in His

arms, and give it His blessing. Yes, He calleth His own sheep by name.

Not only does our King think of Himself as the shepherd, who calls each of His sheep by name: He is a shepherd, who goeth before His sheep. If this be true, two things are evident. Christ does not drive His sheep. Christ knows all about the way His sheep are to take.

Our Shepherd does not drive His sheep. The Christian life is not inspired by the Thou shalt and the Thou shalt nots, each command a stinging lash. How often we think of Christ as the child of the slums thinks of his father, as of one who always speaks in the imperative mood, an imperative reinforced by a leather strap. And Christ drives us to worship. Christ drives us to service. How different is the thought of Paul! The love, not the lash—the *love* of Christ constraineth us. There is no breaking of the will, there is only the voluntary bending of the will to the will of the Shepherd.

Again, if He goeth before His sheep, Christ must know all about the way they are to take. Is the way rough and steep? He knoweth it, for He goeth before them. Is the way long and wearisome? He knoweth it, for He goeth before them. Now, if He knows us, and if He knows the way, may we not trust Him for the way?

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best.
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

One more thought. Our King thinks of Himself not only as the shepherd, who calls his own sheep by name, and leads them forth: He thinks of Himself as the Good Shepherd, who has a dying love for His sheep. "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, for per-adventure for the good man some one would even dare to die." What shall we say of His love, who lays down His life for those who are but poor wayward sheep? O, the dying love of Christ! How can we understand it? I sometimes wish I had the skill to paint three pictures. The first would be a night scene, the Garden of Gethsemane, illumined only by Roman torches. Christ is standing before his cowed disciples, pleading with the mob, not for His safety, but for theirs. The dying love of Christ.

The second picture would represent Jesus passing to his mock trial, while below in the courtyard Peter is swearing and denying his Lord, and I would paint the face of Christ as He *looked* on Peter—in that look the love of the shepherd, who would lay down his life for the sheep he loves. The dying love of Christ.

• The third picture would be that of Calvary. I would paint the two crosses on which hung the two thieves. I don't suppose I could paint the central figure. I would, after the manner of one of our modern painters, fill that central space with an unspeakable glory, the glory of the dying love of Christ. Was the cross inevitable? No. "I lay down my life. None taketh it from me. I lay it down of myself."

“The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.”

Thus does Christ Himself fill in, glorify, transfigure the prophet's sketch of the Messiah. As you enter upon a new quarter-century of church life, it is yours to think of the Christ as a king, yes, but rather as a shepherd—to think of Him as a judge, yes, but rather as a personal guide—to think of Him as a destroyer of wickedness, yes, but rather as the suffering Saviour of the lost.

THE JOY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE KING.¹

REV. ROLAND S. DAWSON.



ONE hundred years ago a wise man named Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote a story which I hope you will all read some day. Its opening sentence is said to be the finest sentence in the English language. The name of the story is "Rasselas." Long, long ago the King of Abyssinia prepared a home for his children in a lovely valley called the vale of Amhara. Everything that could delight the heart of man or child was brought to this valley, and nothing that could harm or annoy was allowed to enter. It was filled with graceful trees and beautiful flowers, and countless varieties of pretty fishes and interesting animals lived in the streams and in the forests. All that man could do to make the children of the king happy was done. But with all the beauties and pleasures that the world could give, Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, was not satisfied, and so, with his tutor and his sister as his companions, one day he made his escape from the happy valley.

We can learn from this story a lesson of the hu—

¹ See page 5.

man heart. We can learn that it is not possible for the children of the heavenly King to be satisfied with a selfish enjoyment of the things of this world. The children of earth are the children of God, and he has made them so that they cannot be happy in selfishness. He is unselfish, and to share His joy we must be unselfish like Him. The name of God is Love, and Love is unselfishness.

I wish you all could be happy all the time, and I will tell you how you can come nearest being so. It is by loving and helping others. Love should begin at home, but it should not stay there. It should go out to friend, schoolmate, teacher, neighbor and to all the world. Love shows itself in helpfulness. God is help. Help and Love, which are the same thing, form the bond that unites earth and heaven. H stands for heaven, E for earth, L for Lord, and P for people. All are joined together in the little word—help. So I suggest that if you who are the children of the King want to share in the joy of the King, that you fill your lives with helpfulness. Mr. Moody says, "Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, at all the times you can, in all the places you can." It is a good rule.

There was once a little girl named Mary Wood—not Mary Wouldn't, but Mary Wood. She was so kind and helpful and full of love to others that some one made a little verse about her. I wish you would learn it:

Faithful little Mary Wood
Always did the best she could.
Let us follow Mary's plan,
And always do the best we can.

When you have learned it I wish you would live it also. The biggest man in the world cannot do more than little Mary Wood, because she always did the best she could.

Scholars, begin early to have a purpose in life. Paul was a great man, and he had a great, clear purpose. He said, "This one thing I do. . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus my Lord." Make it your purpose to do the best you can every day for everybody. This will help you to find the joy that belongs to the children of the King.

And be content. Don't fret. Don't worry. Don't find fault. If you are living on Grumble Street, move out into Thanksgiving Street, and move right away.

Paul had many trials and troubles, yet he said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." No wise man ever said a greater word.

Have a purpose, be content, and then trust God in all. Never fear failure. Do not trust your own strength, but trust God in everything. Paul had many enemies. He passed through many dangers, yet he said: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

With a strong purpose to love and help others, with a contented heart, with a trust in God as a great,

kind, loving Father, I promise that you shall find the true joy of the children of the King, a joy that the world cannot give or take away.

Now if you ever begin to feel blue or sad or poor or forlorn, I want you to remember that you are princes and princesses in the family of the King of kings, and just quote to yourselves a verse of the familiar hymn :

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands ;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He hath riches untold.

I 'm the child of a King,
The child of a King ;
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I 'm the child of a King.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.¹

MR. DARWIN R. JAMES.

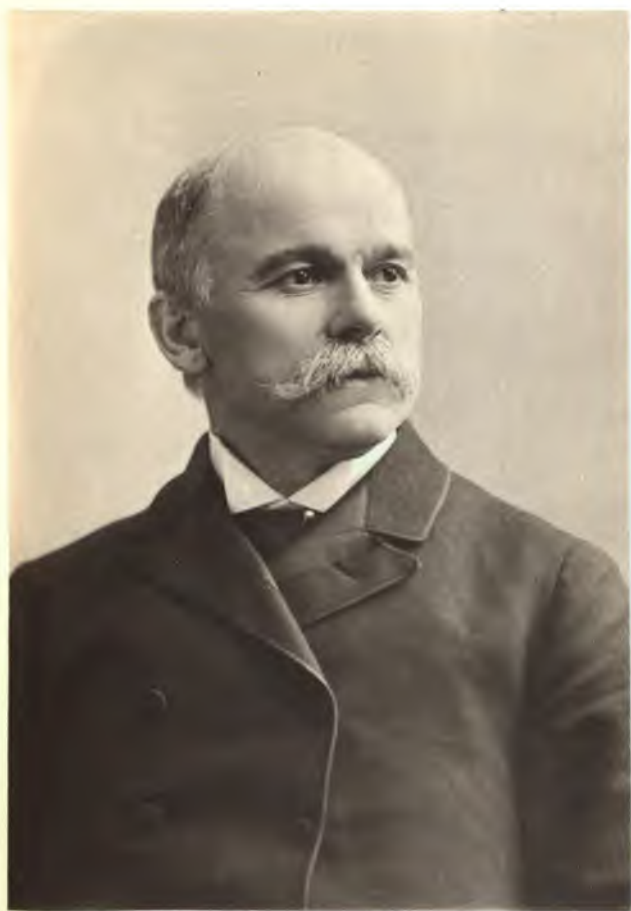


THE committee having in charge the preparation of a programme for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Foote, assigned to me the pleasant duty of presiding upon this occasion and of extending to the friends of the Throop Avenue Mission Sunday School a cordial greeting.

It is gratifying that so many of those who at one time or another were workers in that field have responded and are present upon this occasion.

In the providence of God it was so ordered that the establishment of a mission Sunday school in a destitute part of the city in the autumn of 1852, was the humble beginning of a great work for Christ, an incident in which, the celebration of a successful twenty-five-year pastorate, has brought us here this evening. To you, my dear friends, who had part in laying the foundation, and to you who came later, but were equally sharers in the work, my heart goes out with sincere regard and esteem. I congratulate you upon the success of your efforts. To a goodly number of us many years of delightful association

¹ See page 6.



were permitted, and although we did not see all the fruit we desired in those whom we endeavored to instruct, yet I venture to say that every one of you admits that you received in your own selves greater blessings than you imparted; that you were gloriously repaid for any efforts put forth for others. It is thus the Lord recompenses His followers. In watering others we ourselves are watered.

The event which has brought us together, the commemoration of the twenty-five-year pastorate of a faithful under-shepherd, is not a frequent one in these modern times when change and progress are everywhere the order of the day. Twenty-five-year pastorates are the exception and not the rule, yet the twenty-five years of Dr. Foote's pastorate have rapidly passed, because of the harmony which has existed and the devotion of pastor and people to the legitimate work of a church of Jesus Christ. The Lord has greatly prospered the efforts of His servant and the standard of the cross has constantly been kept aloft. The little flock of twenty-five years ago has become a strong body of Christian workers and a mighty force for good in our great city. From this pulpit during these years no uncertain sounds have come, but a living gospel has been preached in great love and sincerity, to a people with willing ears who have heard the truth gladly.

I have spoken of the church as a "little flock" at the time when Dr. Foote began his work in this field, which was November first, 1873. It was such as compared with the enrolled membership at this time, which is over nine hundred. It numbered at that

time one hundred and thirty-seven; but it was a well-organized body of trained and devoted workers, many of whom had had long years of experience in church and mission work. To these the new pastor came as a leader as well as a teacher, and with much success has he also filled this position. No part of the field has been without his watchful supervision and care.

The work at the mission has held its proper place in his ministry and the workers an equal place in his esteem. He fully recognizes the fact that the impress of the early workers has remained and has been, in his moulding hand, the dominant influence in the spiritual work of the church.

It is not unreasonable, therefore, that an early place on the programme should have been given to the mission and its friends. It is forty-six years ago this month that it opened its doors to such as had accepted an invitation to be present, and for forty-six years they have never been closed upon the Lord's day, winter or summer.

During its earlier years it was a humble affair, with few teachers and not many scholars who could read, and was not even dignified with a name. Its sessions were held in a room intended for a store, in a sparsely settled neighborhood on the outskirts of the city, where only the poor and wretched abide for a time, until they are crowded out to newer fields beyond, for it was among those who hang on the outskirts that the school was commenced. To the eye of an ordinary observer it was a weak effort in a forlorn section of the city, but the Lord prospered

the efforts of His servants and, before ten years had passed, the school was occupying its own edifice which its teachers and their friends had erected, and upon which there was never any debt.

Here it was that the teachers that same year, 1862, organized the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, being constrained thereto because of the necessity to have a place where those who had come to a knowledge of the truth could confess Christ and become a part of His visible Church. It was here that the Hopkins Street German Presbyterian Church was likewise organized a few years later. Here, too, the German Young Men's Christian Association was organized. Here, for several years, a Methodist Episcopal Church conducted its services and carried on its work. Later, and for a short period, a German Baptist Church had the use of the premises whilst they were rebuilding their sanctuary.

Our friends of African descent also frequently had the use of the place. Number five school of the Brooklyn Industrial School Association was likewise organized here, and used the rooms for nineteen years, until last year when they removed to their newly erected home around the corner. Just now a free kindergarten is being carried on for poor children, by a society of ladies not connected with our own work. For fully thirty years, or since the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church vacated the premises to commence work on this spot, the mission building has been freely given, without charge, to any worthy persons who desired it for worthy purposes. For at least forty years the teachers have

maintained mid-week meetings of various kinds, sometimes having a student from Union Theological Seminary employed to assist, and during much of the time having the services of Bible readers.

Although always attached to a Presbyterian church, yet in fact it has partaken largely of the nature of a union school, as many of its workers have come from other churches. Denominationalism has never been prominent, yet the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism has always been taught. Though from the beginning it has drawn its scholars mainly from the poorer people and has been known as the Mission, yet it has always managed its own financial affairs, and has not been dependent in the ordinary mission sense. The teachers and their friends have mainly been responsible for the maintenance of the school, its Bible readers and other paid workers. The benevolent contributions of the scholars have been kept separate and were never used for current expenses, but have gone to help forward the work of Christ in fields outside our own. A missionary spirit has been cultivated and the giving habit been taught so that the yearly contributions average over six hundred dollars.

The roll of officers and teachers numbers eighty, and of scholars rather more than a thousand, with an average attendance of about seven hundred, for fifty-two Sundays each year.

There has been no material change in these respects for a series of years, as the capacity of the building was long since reached. Of officers and teachers one third were formerly scholars. Of its

scholars quite a number are in the Christian ministry, having been graduated at the Bloomfield Theological Seminary, and are pastors of German churches.

Some of the noticeable characteristics of the school are, length of terms of service of many of its teachers, and the spirit of entire harmony which has prevailed. Not a few of its workers served during periods of twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years, and some even longer; and as for harmony, it may be said that there was never any other spirit manifested, for all questions were decided at teachers' meetings, where practical unanimity was reached. Fidelity to the cause of the Master has been the guiding impulse. Simplicity of method in carrying on the school and persistence in teaching God's holy word, plainly and directly, are also characteristics. The great principles of repentance for sin and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ have been unceasingly taught. "To glorify God that we may enjoy him forever" has always had first place, consequently God's blessings have never been withheld.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.¹

REV. ROBERT G. HUTCHINS, D. D.



SOME months ago, at a meeting of Presbytery in La Crosse, Wisconsin, the retiring Moderator in his sermon playfully remarked, that he had been making careful investigations and had reached the conclusion that Adam was a Presbyterian. At a later session of the meeting, one of the ministers present expressed his own thanks and those of his brethren for this remunerative research, but suggested his regret that it had not been carried far enough to determine to what *stripe* of Presbyterianism our first father belonged. The speaker added that his own meditation concerning the matter had brought him to certain interesting conclusions. "At his marriage," he continued, "Adam must have been a *United* Presbyterian; when he fell, and became a cumberer of the ground, he must have been a *Cumberland* Presbyterian; at his acceptance of the promised atonement, he became a *Reformed* Presbyterian. But doubtless at first he was just a plain Presbyterian, a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Eden."

As for myself, though I informally commenced my ministry here in connection with this Presbyterian mission, I have for the bulk of my life been

¹ See page 6.

associated with a sister denomination, but feel grateful that I have come back to the *true* Church in time to celebrate with you this Jubilee. I think I must be classed as a *Reformed* Presbyterian. I certainly am *whiter* than I used to be.

Mt. Snowdon, the highest of the Welsh hills, is an admirable point of view, commanding the sea, the isle of Anglesea, and the English lake district. But it is of special interest as being, with the contiguous elevations, the original English soil, the first land thrown up from the primeval sea, the nucleus about which the green fields and moors, the wealth and the commerce, the free institutions and religious life of England have accumulated. Standing to-night with the Throop Avenue Mission, we have a magnificent point of view, both for retrospect and prospect; beholding what wonderful things God has wrought from small beginnings, and with the eye of faith beholding also the wide-spread landscape of God's future blessings. And here we stand at the very nucleus around which great and beneficent organizations have grown, as by natural accretion.

The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, took the greatest pride in showing her in her infancy to his friends; and was accustomed to say: "Take good care of her, she will yet be Queen of England." Could they to whom this injunction was addressed have foreseen the magnificent issues of Victoria's reign, through the more than threescore years, how earnestly would they have heeded it! Those who planted the Throop Avenue Mission Sunday School could not have anticipated the vast results which we

this day celebrate, yet they heeded the injunctions of God's providence and spirit, bidding them take good care of the sacred trust confided to them.

There is a legend that in the Forum at Rome a great chasm suddenly appeared. Multitudinous cart-loads of debris which were cast into it failed to heal the vast rent. The oracles were consulted. They replied: "The most precious thing in Rome must be put into it." A young soldier, interpreting the oracle to mean manly valor, stepped into the crevasse. Instantly it closed seamless.

Into a neighborhood of want and sin and sorrow, a yawning abyss of human need, the founders and early workers of this Mission stepped, full panoplied with spiritual armor. They offered themselves at the mandate of the heavenly oracle, and to-day the social breach is largely healed.

Our Saviour was born in a manger. The Throop Avenue Mission was born in a store-room. In a store-room it was nursed and nurtured in its infancy and childhood. This fact is significant; for the religion there taught and illustrated was *practical* rather than *theoretical*. They who were associated with this Mission were too busy going about doing good to indulge in profitless speculation.

On March 1, 1877, Gov. Hayes left Columbus, Ohio, for Washington, to be inaugurated as President. The dispute concerning the validity of his election was thought by some to jeopardize his personal safety. As usual on such occasions, he was escorted by soldiery to the depot. As I saw the Governor in his carriage, surrounded by his wife and

children, I remarked to a friend that I should regard myself better defended by that family than by the bayonets of the soldiers; for he would be an arrant coward who would fire a shot at the President's heart, through such a group as that.

In the Throop Avenue Mission, and in the organizations which have sprung from it, evangelical Christianity has been defended, not by the cudgels of controversy, but by the hearts that loved it, and by the lives that practised it.

It should, however, be noted that these early workers had been thoroughly indoctrinated in Christian truth by their beloved and venerated Dr. Wells, who is graciously spared to us to rejoice with us in our present rejoicing. And he who had trained them in Christian ways from their childhood, did not send them into this Christian work to abandon them.

In the building of the great musical conservatory of Oberlin, Ohio, I once saw a laborer wheeling a heavy stone in a barrow up a steep inclined plane. The board on which he walked was too narrow for two abreast, but behind him a fellow-workman, with a hand on either side of him, braced him as he pushed his heavy load to its place in the wall. In like manner these early workmen, in the rearing of the walls of the kingdom, were braced by the sympathy and the prayers of their beloved pastor.

In later years they have been backed and strengthened by the wise counsel and earnest coöperation of the honored minister of the Throop Avenue Church, whose silver jubilee we now celebrate.

The physical health and the youthful, hopeful spirit of the early workers gave a certain wholesomeness to the religion they exhibited. The historian of the Mission, our present chairman, says that many of them walked together, in going and coming, eight miles every Sunday; so it would seem that they illustrated their Christianity not less by their *walk* than by their conversation. I have nowhere seen a more genial and cheerful type of piety, one more absolutely free from all morbidness and cant, than that which was here presented. Nor have I elsewhere seen the spirit of Christian fellowship and coöperation more beautifully illustrated.

If family and commercial prosperity has attended the subsequent life of practically all these early workers, it has not been on account of their natural gifts alone, but largely on account of their well-ordered lives, upon which God has smiled.

How could the Lord have more signally owned and honored their fidelity and loyalty than by the requitals of His covenant blessings, in raising up their children about them to be their fellow-members in the Church of Christ, and their allies in the work of the kingdom? None would be more ready than the men, who through the long years have labored here, to bear witness to the special ability and devotion of the women who have been identified with the work. Not only have some of these men, prepared by their training here, distinguished themselves in the great enterprises of the Church at large, at home and abroad, but some of these women also.

The lamented Rev. Dr. Burton, of Hartford, told

me of the wife of a country minister, who complained that her husband made her rise first and build the fire in the morning. She appealed to him with the question: "Do you think, Dr. Burton, the woman ought to rise first?" He replied: "Yes, the woman fell first, and she ought to get up first." All will readily concede to one woman, whose absence across the sea deprives her of the coveted privilege of this celebration, and deprives us of the inspiration of her gracious presence, the honor of the initiative in many of the most beneficent projects of this Mission and this Church.

There is a legend that Charlemagne at every spring-time comes forth from his grave, and walks up and down the Rhine, bringing fertility to the vineyards, and making the fields productive. I cannot close without a recognition of those who were formerly associated with us, but are now resting from their labors, while their works do follow them. The heavens bend low to-night, beloved, over you, whom I was once permitted to greet as my fellow-workers. Your sainted associates are not only in the great cloud of your witnesses, but hallowed in your memories, they still move among you, fructifying with their sympathy, their tears and their prayers, the field of your continued labors.

Some four years ago, spending a few months in Honolulu, I was accustomed to watch with interest the bi-weekly sailing of the good ship *Australia* for the port of San Francisco. Friends gathered on the ship's deck to bid their departing kindred farewell. They filled their hands with fragrant flowers; they

adorned their hats and necks with bright wreaths. As the anchor was weighed, they said the tender good-by, and retired to the dock. The band, which had braced with martial music the spirits of those who were to be long parted, now struck the touching strains of "Home, Sweet Home." As the ship passed out of the bay, those on the deck and those on the dock waved to each other their white greetings. Nor did these parting salutations cease until distance had hidden the separating friends from each other's gaze. They who remained lamented not the departing voyagers as lost, but while tears filled their own eyes, congratulated them that they were going on over the grand Pacific seas, that they were to enter, through the Golden Gate, into a port of the dear Home Land, there, with the rasping of the shallows, to behold upon the quay other loved ones, gathered, to greet their home-coming, with flowers and music and all tokens of joy and welcome.

Those with whom you have lingered on the strand with parting hymn and prayer, till hands were parted, and your friends were launched upon the calm sea of Death; those whom you have never mourned as really lost, but with whom you have rejoiced, as having safely made their voyage to the dear Home Land, and as having entered the Golden Gate and received the heavenly welcomes,—these beloved ones whose hearts are still with you, shall some sweet day come down to the shining shore to greet, with chaplets and songs, your own home-coming. And then you shall receive the crown which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give you in that day.

THE CHARACTER OF THE IDEAL CHRISTIAN WORKER.¹

REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D., LL. D.



IT is a great pleasure to be permitted to take part in these services to-night. As a Brooklyn boy I am always glad to come back to the home of my boyhood. This city is sacred in my memory, because it was here that my honored father did his life work. As I pass through these streets I still feel the influence of his presence and personality, and the lessons that he taught me,—the best lessons of my life,—come back to me with freshness and power.

It was in this very place, twenty-five years ago, that I listened to him as he spoke the words of greeting and good cheer at the installation of your pastor, the Rev. Dr. Lewis R. Foote. It was here that I heard him describe the remarkable work already done by Mr. Darwin R. James, the Superintendent of the Throop Avenue Mission School.

Since that time there have been many and great changes here. The plain frame building in which you then assembled has given place to this spacious and beautiful structure of brick and stone. The

¹ See page 6.

Sunday School, which was already so large and prosperous that it was one of the notable things in the religious life of Brooklyn, has been like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, sending down its roots ever deeper and deeper, spreading its branches wider and wider, putting forth a cloud of unwithering foliage, and producing fruit in never-failing abundance.

But two things have not changed. I see here to-day the same Superintendent upon whom I then looked with a boy's admiration; and I see him doing the same work, with the same ever-youthful vigor and wise enthusiasm. I see here the same Pastor who was then beginning his service to this church; and I find him a living example of the possibility of making the influence of a minister of the Gospel grow broader and deeper with every year for a quarter of a century, in the same place,—in spite of the fact that this has been called an age of short pastorates. It is true that he has added a touch of silver to the locks which crown his head, but this is nothing compared to the pure gold which he has wrought into the invisible crown of his faithful service to this people and to the cause of Christ.

When one of your elders, Mr. McKee, came to ask me to take part in this service, and suggested as a theme for my remarks "The Character of the Ideal Christian Worker," I could not but be glad that he had furnished me with a text for my discourse, and that I should be sure to find living illustrations of it without looking beyond the limits of this platform.

First of all, then, let me say in regard to this

theme, that *the ideal Christian is a worker*. The Kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom of work. God Himself, as revealed to us in the Bible, is not an idle deity, sitting far above the world and looking down upon it in philosophical contemplation, like those imaginary gods whom the old Roman stoics worshipped. He is a working God, and His Son Jesus Christ declared, in words that reveal the true nature of the Godhead, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The Gospel of Jesus Christ is simply the glad news that God has given to all the world, through His Son, an invitation to enter His kingdom, and "to every man his work." The Church is simply the company of the servants of God and Christ. The best Christian is the one who believes in God in such a way that he is willing to give himself altogether to the divine service in the uplifting of humanity. True orthodoxy is nothing else than real usefulness in the cause of Christ.

But how is this usefulness to be best attained? What is the character of the Christian who is able to render the best service to his Master and to his fellow-men?

The personal qualities of the workman must in the long run determine the nature and value of the work done. A single stroke of good work may be done by chance, without any very clear intention or any very great effort; but good workmanship, running through a long life, and proving itself in solid and enduring achievement, can only come from a good workman. You know, for example, that a poor player may happen to make an uncommonly

fine stroke in the royal and ancient game of golf. But when the shrewd old Scotchman who is watching him says, "Aye, that was nae sae bad, but can ye do it again to-morrow?" his question goes down to the root of the matter, and marks the difference between a "fluke" and the really good play of a good player. Permanent and steady success in anything depends upon the attainment of those qualities which underlie it, and make it secure. It is worth our while, as Christian workers, to give earnest thought to those elements of character which alone can enable us to do good work for Christ for a long time, and with growing success from day to day and from year to year.

It seems to me that there are three of these elements which are most important, and of these I wish to speak very briefly.

1. *The ideal Christian worker must have ideals.*

The work to be done in the kingdom of God is of such a nature that it cannot possibly be performed in a dull, mechanical, routine spirit. The inspiration of faith must come into it. It must be illuminated by the light of a holy imagination, revealing its true meaning and its ultimate aim.

We need to have an ideal of the great cause for which we labor, the kingdom of God, that supreme spiritual dominion which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. We must realize that all our work is for the advancement of that sovereign and blessed empire. We must feel that there is nothing in all the world so well worth working for as the spread of that glorious reign of divine

truth and spiritual liberty and Christ-like holiness. The vital inspiration of our labors must be the desire that God's kingdom may come, and that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. There is nothing that the Christian world needs to-day more than a clear vision of the meaning of that grand old Scotch Presbyterian watchword, "The crown and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." We want a revival of the patriotism of the kingdom of heaven.

We need also to have ideals of the particular work that we are called to do in Christ's service. Much of it, in its outward form, is hard, tedious and distasteful. There is nothing especially heroic or adventurous in the outward aspect of such labors as teaching a class in Sunday School, or reading the Bible to a few poor people, or ministering to a few sick people, or helping a few ignorant and unhappy people into a better way of living, or clothing a few people who are destitute, or visiting a few people who are shut up in the prisons of vice and wretchedness, or speaking a quiet word for Christ to a few companions, or even preaching from week to week and from year to year to a larger audience. Work like this is always slow, often tiresome, sometimes disheartening. We shall never be able to do it well, to put our hearts into it, to rejoice and glory in it, unless we have an ideal of what it really means. Every word spoken for God is a seed of immortality which may spring up and bear fruit unto everlasting life. Who would not willingly scatter a thousand seeds, for the sake of tasting one cluster of that

fruit of his own planting? Every deed of kindness done to the poor and needy is done to Christ Himself. Who would not willingly spend and be spent for the sake of hearing the Master say at last, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me"? Every soul won for Christ is won to endless holiness and happiness. Who would not gladly give the best that he has for the sake of gaining a property right in the endless joy of an immortal spirit? "Heaven," said Lord Tennyson, "is just the perpetual ministry of one soul to another." If we can carry this ideal into our Christian work, surely it will help to make us ideal Christian workers.

2. The ideal Christian worker must be full of hope, and not afraid to live by it.

Nothing checks Christian work more completely than the spirit of despondency. In religion, pessimism is only another way of spelling paralysis. The cheerful, hopeful souls not only do more work, but the work that they do is a hundredfold more valuable because they do it cheerfully and hopefully.

By hopefulness, however, I do not mean the temper of soft, sweet, mushy optimism. The people who have a comfortable feeling that everything is all right, and that nobody needs to be very much disturbed about anything, are certainly not the people who are the most useful in the cause of Christ. You can no more get good work out of such people than you could build a sea wall out of boiled hominy.

True hopefulness sees the evils that exist in the world, and looks beyond them to the good by which

they are to be overcome. It recognizes the difficulties that stand in the way, but it is not dismayed by their aspect. It believes that under the leadership of Christ there is surely a way to pass through them, or to climb over them. It is sometimes wounded in the fight, but always in front, never in the back, because it never retreats. It believes that the way out of the trouble lies, as it did at the battle of San Juan, "forward, and up the hill, into victory."

The hopeful worker not only does his own work better, but he cheers all the others who are working near him. He is like a man with a lantern, on a dark night. The light which his own spirit spreads around him encourages and guides his companions. He is no poorer, and they are vastly richer, because his little candle sheds its beams.

Moreover, hopefulness is the source of two of the most practical qualities in the Christian worker: patience, which endures hardships; and persistence, which keeps steadily on working day after day, and year after year. There is a verse in the 119th Psalm for which I have always been particularly grateful. In it the Psalmist says: "*I have stuck unto thy testimonies, O Lord.*" The familiar phraseology gives force to the thought. The power of "sticking to it" is one of the most desirable things in a Christian and a worker. Such power you have seen and recognized here in this Church and Sunday School. You have special reason to be thankful for the lives of those who have here honored God and served their fellowmen for many years, by sticking to the Lord's testimonies and to their own work.

3. *The ideal Christian worker must be full of love and not ashamed of it.*

By love I do not mean what the world means, the desire to possess and to enjoy, but what Christ means, the desire to give and to bless. Surely it is not necessary to say a single word in regard to the necessity of such love toward man in the accomplishment of Christian work. Without it, we can do nothing. Without it, you may be as orthodox a preacher as John Calvin, or as eloquent a preacher as John Knox, but you will be nothing more than a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Without it, you may give thousands of dollars for the foundation of churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, but you will really be giving nothing. You must first learn to love your fellow-men, to care with all your heart for their welfare, to desire sincerely their holiness and happiness, their peace and salvation. Then you can speak to them with living power in the name of Christ, then you can give to them, and your gift will be blessed, because a part of yourself will go with it.

But how is it possible that our work should have in it the element of love to God in this particular sense of "the desire to give and to bless"? Is He not far above our gifts, far beyond our power of blessing? Not so, says the Bible. The Word of God teaches us that when we bestow a benefit upon our fellow-men we are really giving unto the Lord. It declares that His divine joy is deepened and increased by every soul that is added to His kingdom. It assures us that when we serve Him faithfully we not only secure our own peace and gladness, but we

enter into a joy which He Himself shares, "the joy of our Lord."

Let this, then, be my closing word to-night. The highest motive that any of us can have in our Christian work, the motive which, if we follow it loyally, will make all of us ideal Christian workers, is nothing else than the desire to please God, to do what He wants us to do, to carry out His purposes and wishes in the world, and thus to give to God and to bless God. May this spirit animate all the work of this church and mission, and keep it thoroughly alive, and make it ever more and more serviceable to the present age and to the eternal ages yet to come. And may all who labor here, pastor, superintendent, teachers, scholars, elders, and people, have their reward at last in hearing the Master say to them, "Well done, ye good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

THE TRUE AIM OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION, SOCIALLY.¹

REV. ROBT. J. KENT, D.D.



WHEN your President came to me last spring and asked me to be with you on this happy occasion I was doing my best to unload some of the burden of work which I have been carrying, and I had resolved that after my summer vacation I would not do anything outside of my own church. And yet, while in that frame of mind, I very readily and gladly accepted the kind invitation to be with you to-night, because it would afford me an opportunity to testify to the very high regard in which I have held this Church and its pastor for many years.

This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the commencement of a very successful and happy pastorate. For about twenty of those twenty-five years I have known your pastor and have known of the splendid work of this Church. Many years ago, while I was a student in Union Seminary, I was invited to preach one Sunday during your pastor's absence on account of illness. The impression made upon me at that time was a very pleasant one which has deepened with the passing years. There is no church in Brooklyn, as I said to my people last Sunday morning, that

¹ See page 8.

I hold in higher esteem than the Throop Avenue Church. You have illustrated the difference between a success that is superficial and only apparent, and a success that is real and permanent. You have made plain the difference between building on an unstable foundation a superstructure of wood, hay, stubble, and erecting on the eternal foundation of Christ an edifice of precious metal and stone. And the influence of your life and work as a church has gone out to other churches and has been most salutary. So I congratulate both people and pastor and hope that this pleasant relation may continue for many years.

You have asked me to speak in regard to the social side of a young people's organization. In doing so I am not thinking especially of a Christian Endeavor Society; for experience and observation have shown me that there is not much difference between a Young People's Society — as it is called in some churches — and a Christian Endeavor Society, as the young people's organization is called in other churches. Nor is there any difference in character between the sociability of a particular society and the sociability of the church of which it is a part. Let us all feel that we are young to-night and that the words I have to say are meant for us all.

The aim of a young people's organization should be, in the first place, to cultivate a kindly feeling toward one another because the members have one Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Christian sociability is the blossom of Christian fraternity, and Christian fraternity is rooted in Christ. He is the centre to

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which we all are drawn. It is common relation to Him as individuals that makes us brethren in our relation to each other. And the sociability that should be our aim is the kindliness and considerateness of thought and speech and action toward one another that are born of mutual love. One of the most social organizations I was ever connected with was my college class. From different parts of the country we had come together; most of us had never seen each other; we could not call each other by name. But it was not long before all feeling of strangeness had worn off, and each other's names, faces, voices, characteristics were familiar. We did not think and confer about being sociable; we did not appoint any committee to secure that object; but we were on as social terms with each other as could be desired. For a common purpose had brought us together and we possessed a common interest in our daily life and tasks. We came to regard each other as brothers; without any special aim or effort a delightful spirit of sociability grew among us. Considerations of wealth or poverty, of larger or smaller intellectual gifts, were lost sight of in the consciousness of brotherhood. The parting from each other at the end of four years was in most cases, I am sure, sadder than the parting from loved ones at home when they went away to college.

I visited Scotland several years in company with my father. Nearly all the passengers on the steamer were either of Scottish birth or parentage. The Scotch are a naturally clannish people and this characteristic found full and easy expression among the

fellow-passengers, journeying to the land where most of them had been born and in which all were interested. Their speech became more strongly flavored with the accent of their country's dialect; they were reminiscent; Scotland, her lochs, her hills, her moors, her cities, her heroes, her glory, was the burden of thought and speech, and a bond of fellowship was soon formed between them. They became sociable through a community of interest, and without trying.

These two illustrations will, I trust, make my meaning clear. Not only are Christians animated by a common purpose and engaged in a common service, but they possess a common vital relation to one and the same person, their Master. They are members of the body of which Christ is the head. It is out of this common relation that Christian sociability springs. So it was in the early days of the Christian Church. The disciples came together from different places and from different walks of life; they formed a circle of which Christ was the centre; and thus they came to know and love each other better, to rejoice in each other's joy, and to mourn in each other's sorrow. Reference has been made by your President this evening to the fact that the development of a spirit of sociability is one of the urgent needs of a city church. It certainly is, in my judgment. It is one of the things being lost sight of to-day in our large city churches. Wrong conceptions of the church are prevalent. Some regard it as the place where a certain man preaches, and you will hear them constantly speak of going to hear

such a man preach. Others look upon the church as a social club, membership in which is limited to a particular class. But the idea of a fraternity in the bond of which rich and poor, educated and uneducated, are united because they have a common relation of love and loyalty to Christ—this is not emphasized, if indeed it is recognized. Instead of being brothers and sisters in Christ, church members are strangers to each other. Many a church is surpassed by the lodge, the club. Fraternal organizations in the world are gathering in the men. You will hear men declare that there is more real fellowship in the lodge than in the church; and it is true of some lodges and some churches. The churches of Christ need to make Christian fellowship, which is only another name for sociability, a real thing.

I wish to say in the second place that in my judgment the best results socially are obtained, when the strong emphasis is laid by an organization, not upon sociability, but on service. We sometimes get a certain thing better by pursuing something else than by seeking it directly. Christ promised that certain things should be added to those who should seek the Kingdom of Heaven first. When people come together for service and in accordance with the mind of Christ, they will develop more sociability in that way than by any other special method. The most social gatherings in the church of which I am pastor are the informal meetings after the prayer-meeting. There is no benediction that I can pronounce that will dismiss them. Of a kindred spirit that has been fostered by their uniting in worship and work, they

love to linger and enjoy a real fellowship. Doubtless it is the same in this Church. There will be no more real sociability at the Christian Endeavor sociable than the young people of our church are arranging for the week after next than there was last night when they tarried for twenty minutes after the devotional meeting.

If I were asked, "Who are the most sociable people in your church?" I should answer the official boards. They are the ones who are most intent upon serving Christ and their duties bring them into delightfully cordial relations to each other. The Lord's business is their aim; the enjoyment of a precious friendship is one of the results. So I would say to the young people of this Church: Let your first concern be to promote the spiritual welfare of the church, and in doing it you will be securing the best social results.

By giving heed to these principles we can make the church attractive. The atmosphere of the church will be warm with the spirit of genuine cordiality, and that will be a great help in bringing men within the sphere of the church's influence. People like to go where they are welcomed and made to feel at home. One day last week a mother told me how she and her sons were led to connect themselves with a certain small church that needed their presence and help and which has been a blessing to them. Having just moved into the neighborhood, the elder son proposed when Sunday morning came that they should go to a certain prominent church. But it was a long distance from their home, and the mother

was wearied and suggested going instead to the little church nearer home. Reluctantly the son consented; they all went, and after the service were greeted kindly and made to feel that they were heartily welcome. On the following Sunday the mother said she felt able to go to the church her son had proposed the previous Sunday; but he said that he preferred going to the little church where they had been so kindly received. And the relation thus formed continued for many years to their mutual advantage. I relate this incident just because it is real and in no respect remarkable. What has been done in other churches can be done in this Church and doubtless is being done.

There are questions concerning the social life of a church or young people's organization that can be satisfactorily answered only as the circumstances of each congregation are taken into consideration. What may be eminently desirable in one part of the city may be unnecessary in another. In some churches the family idea is emphasized; in others it is not. In connection with so-called institutional churches clubs for men and boys have been formed. In a community of homes they may not be needed; and in my judgment it is a serious mistake for the church to usurp the place of or undermine the influence of the home. There is no grander institution on the earth for the saving and safe-guarding of men than the Christian home. Church clubs are not to be encouraged if they tend to draw men away from good homes. Let us do all we can to foster the Christian home life. But in a community where the

home life is not and cannot be made attractive, I would heartily advocate the church club. The same is true of the question of amusements. Circumstances and the spirit of genuine fellowship and Christian service will lead to a proper solution. Entertainments that are intended to promote sociability but that have a tendency to diminish the grace of benevolence cannot be justified. And any particular form of amusement, such as card-playing or dancing, which some cannot engage in because of ignorance or conscience, will be ruled out by the spirit of Christian love and courtesy. We ought always to aim at the best. There is need to-day for people to discriminate between the hurtful and the entirely innocent features of popular amusements. There are some excellent forms of amusement that have no moral quality of themselves; they become harmful when linked to certain vicious practices. It is not necessary to discard the amusement, but only to get rid of its bad features.

I wish this Young People's Association prosperity in the coming years. May you all get so near to the Master that you will feel the beating of each other's hearts.

THE TRUE AIM OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION, SPIRITUALLY.¹

REV. CORNELIUS WOELFKIN.



A DEFINITION of terms is the first requisite to a right understanding of a theme. In the caption for this address, the words "spiritual aim" fall into emphatic position and call for definition. In the word "aim" three things are suggested: an object; the line of direction toward the object; and the exercise of some force or power that moves in accordance with the object. The word "spiritual" denominates the character and quality of the aim. In the Christian sense, the term "spiritual" is applied to those things which have to do with God, who is a Spirit. A spiritual aim, then, is the aim of the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit sets before the believer a definite object: He has a method by which He makes this object known: He exercises a power through which He brings the believer into conformity with that object. And the true aim of the Christian is to know and yield to the purpose of the Holy Spirit.

The ministry of the Holy Spirit in the believer is threefold. He forms Christ objectively upon the vision of faith. He conforms the believer subjec-

¹ See page 8.

tively to the likeness and image of the Christ. He transforms the life and service of the believer by the indwelling Christ.

First. The Spirit reveals to us the objective Christ. Jesus said: "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." By spiritual illumination "we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor." As we look upon Him from various angles of incidence, we behold different aspects of His salvation. Crushed beneath the burden of conscious guilt for sin, we behold Him as the Lamb of God that hath taken away the sin of the world. And believing on Him who was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, we have peace with God. As bound with infirmities, tried and tempted in the conflicts of life, we learn to know Him as our High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for us; wherefore, also, He is able to save us unto the uttermost. Amid the perplexing mysteries of human experience we recognize Him as Lord who makes "all things work together for good unto us, because we love God and are called according to His purpose."

The glorified Lord, seated on the throne of the universe, is God's revelation unto us of the final destiny of those who trust and obey God. Satan casts the shadows of gloom upon the pathway of humility, obedience, and suffering; while he illumines with iridescent light the way of pride, self-will, and pleasure. But Christ is the contradiction of the devil's lie. He humbled Himself, wherefore God also hath

highly exalted Him. He came to do the will of God, and was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: therefore God showed Him the pathway of life, and glorified Him to be the sovereign of the universe. He went unflinchingly into the valley of suffering, and found it the crucible of eternal joy. Christ is God's answer to all the deepest yearnings and cries of the soul. From the changing experiences of life, wreathed with smiles or bathed in tears; exultant with joy or girdled with pain; calm in peace or broken in sorrow, the soul may look up to the exalted and enthroned Christ whom the Spirit reveals, while He whispers encouragingly to the heart, "This is God's ideal, and thy destiny." And "He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Second. The Spirit of God conforms the believer into the likeness of Christ Jesus. "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into the same image . . . as by the Lord the Spirit." This is done by a method having a threefold practice: the exercise of prayer; the study of God's Word; and the obedience of faith. By the exercise of prayer we enter into the closet, which is the Christian's most holy place, and are privileged to look upon the glory of the Lord. As Moses came from the presence of God his face shone with the reflected light of the Almighty. And in the true exercise of prayer, the virtue of Christ finds an entrance into our being, imparting to us His life with all its attributes of grace. In the study of the Word we discover the methods and purposes of God, and are able to learn

the end from the beginning. In this exercise the heart is made to burn with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." In the obedience of faith we learn by practical experience the infinite resources of grace, which are ours in Christ. There is no experience, however adverse, but that in Christ there is a grace exactly suited and fully adequate for the need. Obedience simply links the believer to God, and makes a channel for the outlet of His riches in grace. And in this exercise we come to the last operation of the Spirit of God in the believer, viz. :

Third. The transformation of the life by the indwelling Christ. It will help us greatly in practical daily living, if we learn that the Christian life cannot be lived by effort or imitation. We frequently pray for certain Christian graces, as though they were abstract quantities. Christian patience, fortitude, meekness, courage, and the whole round of virtues that make the sum total of the Christ-life, are attributes of Christ. Christ cannot part with His attributes. Light is the attribute of the sun: we cannot have light apart from the sun. We must have the sun to have its light. The same is true of the Christian life. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life." We cannot have His life apart from Him. Equally so with spiritual power: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," said Jesus. And we can have it only by having Him: "Lo! I am with you always."

Christian virtues, so requisite to our daily living, are not quantities subject to measure or avoirdupois.

They cannot be given as a clerk would measure with a yard-stick or weigh by the pound. They cannot be given to us as abstract gifts to be possessed by us apart from Christ Himself. But rather, "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. . . . In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge"; and God gives us Him, and all His attributes with Him.

The glory of the New Testament salvation is, that Christ lives His life in the believer, and exercises His attributes through him. Two expressions of Paul are clear statements of this truth: "Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me*." "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for IT IS GOD THAT WORKETH IN YOU both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Numerous other scriptures might be quoted; but these sufficiently prove the method. There is in the believer a latent Christ, "Christ in you the hope of glory." He designs to live His own life in us. In the daily round of duties and obligations, we have but to fall back upon Him who dwells within us.

In the trials of life we are not to dip out quantities of patience to pour upon the fires of temper; nor to run back and forth receiving measured charges of power to meet besetting sin. But by faith we may open all the channels of our being, letting Him live His life in, and exercise His attributes through, us. It makes a wonderful difference whether I am living and working upon a supposed limited supply of grace, or whether I am simply an outlet for the infinite tide of His measureless glory. "He is made

of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Not give *me* patience, purity, humility; but exercise in *me thy* patience, purity, humility.

The soul that falls back upon the indwelling Christ becomes transformed by Christ living through it. The conduct will be the outshining of His character; the speech will be His word and the energy His working. There will be about that life an atmosphere that will compel men to take knowledge of it, that it has been with Jesus. And this is the true spiritual aim of every child of God—to yield ourselves to the ministry of the Spirit. For our own lives we should behold the objective, glorified Christ, the satisfaction of the soul's deepest desires. For God, we should by the Spirit be conformed to the likeness of His Son, that He may be well pleased in us. And for the world we should be transfigured by Christ in us, witnessing through us the glories of His grace and power.

THE MISSIONARY CHARACTER OF THE THROOP AVENUE CHURCH AS SHOWN IN ITS HISTORY.¹

REV. NEWELL WOOLSEY WELLS.



THE giving up of the self in sacrifice is the law of self-development. The grain of wheat must pass out of sight to its burial or abide alone. If it die, it is glorified by abundant fruition. It was the self-sacrifice of a woman, as well as the self-sacrifice of a God, that gave the world its Redeemer, and brought to her the divine title of "the Blessed," as the one highly favored among women. It has been self-sacrifice, the giving up of its blood and its treasure, that has developed the Church of Christ from the age of the apostles down to the present. When it has sought to live in and for itself its power has waned. When it has sought to share its possessions of grace and truth and life with a needy world, it has grown ever stronger. Such, too, has been the experience of individual churches. Those that have had as their sole aim their own enrichment have miserably failed. Under the rule of Christ to live unto self means to die: to keep means to lose: to give means to get: to die unto self means to live. That is His law — a law as unalterable as that of the

¹ See page 9.

Medes and Persians. "Give, and it shall be given unto you." "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Gibbon, in his History, tells us that "Edward, surnamed from his misfortune the Blind, from his virtues the Good," wrote this epitaph for the tomb in which he and his beloved wife Mabel were to sleep together:

What we gave we have :
What we spent we had :
What we left we lost.

Miserliness is ever misery—the misery of poverty, conscious poverty—whether in individual or in church. To spend time and energy in seeking to accumulate for one's self is to waste time and energy. Selfishness never yet made a profitable investment. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the Golden Rule of our Master. Do for others if you would have God do for you, is the Golden Rule of Divine Providence. A church that recognizes as its mission the serving, not of itself, but of the world for which Christ gave Himself, that puts itself *out* at such service—a very striking expression!—that uses all its energies and its means in seeking the glory of God in the good of others, such a church is sure to grow stronger.

Such a church has been this of yours. I desire to tell, very briefly, something of its story this evening, and the secret of its story. And this I do, not with the idea of fostering in you a spirit of self-satisfac-

tion, as though you had attained the ideal of Christian service, but with the same motive that actuated the apostle when he wrote to the Presbyterian Church in Corinth—for, as you know, all apostolic churches were Presbyterian: "I know the forwardness of your mind, for which I boast of you to them of Macedonia, that Achaia was ready a year ago; and your zeal hath provoked very many." It is in the spirit of joying with you—congratulation, and in the hope of stimulating others to follow after you, that I speak of the Missionary Character of your Church as shown in its history.

In telling a church's history one is under the necessity of dealing more or less with figures. Figures are interesting or uninteresting, according to their character and suggestion. A lay figure, under whatever circumstances, is decidedly uninteresting and always dry. A wax figure may have a little more interest because suggestive, at least, of life and action, and capable of melting. A man's figure possesses considerable interest, I am told, at seaside resorts in the midsummer months; and a woman's figure has always supreme interest to men, and sometimes—especially at Easter—to women too. The figures in a column of statistics are apt to be as musty as mummies, or as dry as last year's pine needles. But when they are felt to represent living men and women and children, or when they speak of human love and kindness, they are as eloquent as a robin's song, or an American Beauty in full bloom. I ask a mother how many children she has, and she answers: "Four on earth and three in heaven."

There is nothing dry to her in such statistics, nor do I find them so.

Now I want to give you a few figures that are not lay figures, nor wax figures, nor metaphorical figures, but figures that stand as real expressions of the life and love of this blessed Church; figures that tell not all, but something of its story from the beginning until now. I trust you will not find them wearying.

The first report made by this Church to the General Assembly was in 1863. At that time your membership was forty-five, of whom some remain to this present and some are fallen asleep. In addition to the sum of \$3,179 contributed to the erection of a building for their own occupancy, they gave \$7 to Home Missions and \$41 to Foreign. So that this Church began its life very manifestly with the consciousness that it must not live to itself. Many another church under similar circumstances would have refused all outside work. It would have seemed enough to it to provide its own equipment. And many another church, acting so, has dug its own grave and entered it early in its history. Any church that shuts its windows and doors on the world without is in danger of asphyxiation. There were three other Church Boards besides those of Home and Foreign Missions in existence at the time of your organization, to which during this first year no offering was made. But the next year every blank in the report appears filled, the contribution being \$8 to Home Missions; \$100 to Foreign; \$107 to Education; \$6 to Publication, and \$6 to Church Erection — a total of \$227. And from that time to the present

you have not failed in a single instance to make your offering to these causes.

Naturally, your smallest contributions were those of the first year. The largest were those of two years since, when your record was: \$5,576 to Home Missions; \$1,784 to Foreign; \$652 to Education; \$471 to Publication; \$900 to Church Erection; \$565 to Ministerial Relief; \$763 to Freedmen; \$478 to Aid for Colleges; \$74 to Synodical Aid; and \$730 to the Anniversary Reunion Fund—a total of \$11,993. Meanwhile you had erected two church edifices for your own use and dedicated them without debt to the service of God. Apparently you believed, and rightly, I think, that the burden of a debt was not helpful to a spirit of devotion. One cannot well be uplifted when weighed down. How to consecrate a minus quantity to God is a problem that no church has ever yet solved.

During the period that saw such a remarkable increase in your giving, your membership had grown from 45 to 913. In other words, your membership increased twenty-fold, while your giving increased fifty-three-fold. And let me say right here that my own conviction is not that your giving increased because of the increase in your membership, but that your membership increased because of the increase in your giving. God blessed you as you blessed others.

From the first year onward the advance in your giving has been almost uninterrupted. True, there have been years when there has been a slight falling off in giving from those immediately preceding.

But as it is a law of the natural world that there should be seasons of comparative rest from fruit-bearing, in which trees are acquiring new vigor for larger productiveness in subsequent seasons, so in your experience these let-up seasons seem to have been lay-up seasons in which you were getting ready for greater beneficence in seasons following them. We get a fairer idea of what you have done along this line by regarding your giving by decades.

From 1868 to 1878 your total gifts to the Boards of our Church were \$20,622; from 1878 to 1888, \$45,796; from 1888 to 1898, \$74,197; showing a steady and gratifying progress. Your total gifts to the Boards since your organization have been \$150,171, of which amount \$82,172 have gone to the Home Board, \$28,035 to the Foreign, \$39,964 being distributed among the remaining Boards, all of which may really be called representatives of Home Mission work. Your gifts during last year to the various causes of benevolence almost equaled those of the first nine years of your church life.

This is a remarkable story. It is an eloquent tribute to your system. For you have had a system. From the beginning of your existence you have made giving to outside causes of a missionary character an essential part of your worship. Thirty-four out of the fifty-two Sabbaths of each year, at one of your services, you have considered the claims of the great field, which is the world, upon you; of these thirty-four, seventeen have been devoted to the consideration of the causes represented by our Boards; of these seventeen you have assigned twelve to the

two great Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, to which you give alternately on the first Sabbaths of the successive months. This system, backed by the undoubted fidelity of your pastor in presenting to you the claims of the several causes, has proved its own wisdom by the results secured.

Now what has been the secret of this story which I have called remarkable? It is unquestionably this:

1. Your Church has recognized the binding obligation resting upon it of the great commission of the Master: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." You have felt the significance of His words Who while here declared, "I am the light of the world," but when He passed within the veil said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." You have realized the meaning of the statement, "Ye are my witnesses"; have known that it is the Master's subpoena to you, and that you must give evidence for Him before the tribunal of the world, where He still stands on trial. Therefore it is that whoever prepared the topic on which I speak, rightly designated you a missionary people, who have given evidence of the missionary spirit that is in you. You are doing so as you are sending your members to work in the mission field. Your Mission School attests your missionary spirit. You have done so as you have sent of your members to colonize other sections of the city. Mount Olivet attests your missionary spirit. You are doing so as you meet statedly to consider the needs of and to pray for God's blessing upon the work of the Church at home and abroad.

You are doing so as you pour out your treasures, as freely and lovingly as did she who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment upon the feet of the Master. With other churches you have contributed to the establishment of not a few of the churches of this city. Your gifts have gone throughout the length and breadth of our land. What a story might be told could we follow the various streams of benevolence that have gone out from this living fountain to make fruitful many portions of the great Home Mission field! What if we might cross the ocean and learn the blessings which your gifts have brought to souls in heathen lands! That story we shall never know until He who forgets nothing opens His books and lets us see their record. Truly the Lord's house, built up of living stones, is filled with the odor of the ointment which you have lavished lovingly upon Him. For "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

2. Still again, you have shown by your history that as the interest of a church in the great outside field deepens, its interest in the welfare of its own land will deepen, too. It is never true that the less we do for the stranger, the more will we do for our own. On the contrary, as Isaac Errett once declared: "It is certain we will do less at home; for in refusing to do anything abroad, we dwarf our sympathies, we blunt our consciences, we paralyze our faith, we smother our heroism, we enervate our philanthropic impulses, we gratify our selfishness; and we have less faith, less sympathy, less conscience, less hero-

ism, less benevolence, to draw upon for the home work." The stream of your benevolence, like that which the prophet saw issuing from beneath the altar of sacrifice, has deepened and deepened with the progress of the years. The more you have done for "the regions beyond," the more you have been able to do, the more you have been inclined to do, the more you have done for the regions near at hand. You have found in large measure, if not in its fullness, what is the reflex influence of an intelligent interest in foreign missions.

3. And yet again, and finally, this Church has shown not only its appreciation of its obligation under the great commission, but also its recognition of the truth—that growth in grace is proportioned to its systematic exercise. It has learned the secret of strength.

The strength of a church does not depend upon its size, but upon its efficiency. There is such a thing as a bubble church. It rapidly—almost phenomenally—becomes larger and larger, seems to be doing splendidly. It delights in advertising its own attractiveness. It may be the breath of the preacher that is responsible for the increase of its proportions. He blows and blows, and it grows and grows, and wondering onlookers watch with interest the play and interplay upon its surface of the hues of the refracted sunlight of a passing popularity, when suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there comes the sound of a faint explosion, and bubble and blower are left in a condition of complete collapse. Nothing, absolutely nothing, remains to

show that such a thing as a church ever existed; nothing, unless, perhaps, some creditors muttering curses over an unpaid mortgage, a vacant lot advertised for sale, and infinitesimal particles of a very misty membership floating about somewhere in the social or ecclesiastical atmosphere. No strong church was ever yet developed from the blowing abilities of a so-called great preacher.

But there is such a thing as a banian-tree church; a church that has immortal life in it; that spreads out its fruitful branches wider and wider; branches that in turn send down roots to gather larger life from the soil in which it is planted; every branch becoming a new trunk, until a whole city can rejoice in the shadow of it, and gather the fruit that it bears. The old trunk may die; but each new trunk guarantees the perpetuation of the life that originally came from it. Such a church is this of yours, though the old trunk still retains abundant vitality. Once little more than a mission, it has become—yes, has ever been—missionary. Once a colony, it is now a State. It has found the secret of greatness as the Master announced it. “He who would be great among you, let him become your minister.” Ministry is the secret of majesty in the kingdom of heaven; service, the secret of sovereignty.

Thou shalt thyself be served
By every sense of service which thou renderest.

Every laborer for Christ is a crowned king. As a laboring Church of Christ you have proved your

royalty as well as your loyalty. And no man can take your crown. A crown of righteousness, it will not fade away. A crown of life, it will prove amaranthine. A crown of rejoicing, starred with redeemed immortal souls, it will retain its beauty till the King comes to make up His jewels. In the lustre of His coronation as Lord of all, the gems which you have been, and are yet to be, instrumental in gathering from all the lands of earth, will play no insignificant part. And may His gracious Spirit, the Spirit of love, of light and of labor, continue with you abundantly to bless you, till, having made earth glad with your presence, you enter into the joy of your Lord.

THE CHURCH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.¹

MR. ROBERT E. SPEER.



THERE are many general considerations underlying the missionary movement, on the basis of which it makes appeal to all Christians in common. Among them are such as Mr. Wells was speaking of this evening, God's ideal with reference to the Church and His purpose for His people. Not as a body of people who are to enjoy themselves in spiritual satisfactions, holding jubilees now and then; not as a body of people whose chief purpose is to develop themselves, but as a body of missionary servants, God regards the Church of Christ. The last command of Jesus Christ and the weight of woe that rests on this weary world are considerations of this same kind. If it only knew that it had been lifted 1800 years ago by the Son of God! I say that these are general considerations that underlie the missionary movement, and on the basis of which it makes appeal to all Christians in common. By these,

¹ See page 9.

as part of the great Christian body, we are bound to missionary service, if we would be true to Christ's ideal of us as a Church, if we would be true to His last entreaty and command, if we would be true to our fellow-men whom we must meet face to face on the day when Jesus Christ shall test every man's life and work, of what sort they are.

And yet, whether we like it or not, the great body of Christ's disciples is not a common body. I do not like it myself. I do not believe that Jesus Christ means His people to be broken up into divers families, holding often antagonistic views and often quarreling with each other over the various lines of division. But whether we deprecate it or not, separated we are. We are divided up into regiments, divisions, and brigades, and each party of us has its own functions, its own responsibilities, its own opportunities. And I can think of no more fitting subject for such a Jubilee Service as this, than that we, as members of this Presbyterian body of Christians, into which most of us were born, into which others of us have come, shall stop for a little while to think of God's special missionary call to us.

We are regarded often as a rather narrow-minded people, set upon maintaining certain old boundaries and limitations. It is a great misconception. There is no body of people in all this world that has been so reckless almost in spreading itself over the world as ours. We are almost the only missionary agency in the world that has planted its missions on every continent, in the face of every non-Christian religion. The American Baptist Missionary Union has planted

its missions alongside of us, with the exception that it has none in South America, and has none to Islam. The Methodists stand side by side with us in South America, but they leave us standing alone in the lands that are distinctively Moslem. The American Board stands with us before Islam, but has no mission in South America. Our Church has sent its missionaries to every continent save Europe, and set them down before every religion, and planted the banners of Christ, which we are bound to defend, in almost every great country in the world. Just let us run over the countries for a moment. Japan, Korea, all China, from north to south, Siam, Laos, Syria, India, Persia, West Africa, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Guatemala—in all have we now planted our missionaries, with instructions soon to be sent for one of our China missionaries to go over into the Philippines as well.

Let us note secondly not only the amount of earth that we have appropriated for our missionary fields, but the number of souls that are to be found in these fields. I have heard missionary appeals in behalf of territory inhabited by prairie dogs, or of large tracts of uncultivated country, or of acres of desert in the United States or in Africa. Let us have done with that. We have in our mission fields abroad, multitudes upon multitudes of souls as the peculiar heritage and responsibility of our Church. We were among the first of all missionary agencies to settle in Japan. Of the 40,000,000 of people in Japan, I suppose that fully one fourth are to be reached, if at all, by the Church of Christ established by our Pres-

byterian and Reformed Missions. Of the 12,000,000 of people in Korea to whom we were the first to send missionaries, I suppose at least one half or two thirds are chargeable to us for their knowledge of the gospel. Of the 400,000,000 in China, we have assumed large burdens of responsibility for the 18,000,000 of the capital province of Chih-li, for the 36,000,000 of Shantung, for the 11,000,000 of Che-kiang, and the 21,000,000 in the province of Kiang-su, through which the Yangtse-Kiang River runs and empties into the Yellow Sea. For millions of An-hui, with its 32,000,000 lying just to the west of Kiang-su, and of the 30,000,000 of the province of Hu-nan, for a large portion of the 30,000,000 of Quang-tung, and for all of the 1,500,000 of Hainan, we shall have in God's judgment to be answerable. The whole population of Siam and Laos is dependent upon us, with the whole northern half of Persia, with more than half of the total Persian population of 9,000,000, and millions more of the vast population of India, equal to twice that of North and South America combined, with forty millions added. I forbear to speak of the millions of other lands. It might be contended, I think, that not less than 150,000,000 souls are dependent upon us for the gospel. These are not figures only of which I have now been speaking. I have been speaking of living souls, in comparison with which there is nothing worthy of consideration in this world. We deem ourselves bound especially to defend this Bible. God knows we love this Book. We would give anything for its defense. But how many Bibles will we stand confronting on the Judg-

ment Day? Will there be Bibles there? There will be souls there. We shall be answerable on that day for every one of the 150,000,000 of people throughout the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary field,—150,000,000 who must go down to Christless graves or hear of Christ from us,—150,000,000 who walk in darkness now around our mission stations, in ignorance of the great altar stairs that lead up to God,—ignorant because we have never been willing to unseal their blind eyes and turn their stumbling feet toward God.

And we must look upon this question of our peculiar responsibility also from another point of view, more particular and specific than this general, comprehensive vision. Of the 955,000 low-caste people in the Bombay field in India, barely 6,000 can read and write—barely two thirds of one per cent. of that nearly 1,000,000 souls could read the words of Jesus, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life," if they were blazoned on the sky in the Bombay Presidency. The most illiterate State in this country is Louisiana, and fifty-four per cent. of the people in Louisiana can read and write. The most illiterate section of our people are the negroes of New Mexico, and nearly twenty per cent. of these are literates according to the census of 1890. Think of a picture of need like this described in a letter several years ago from Mainpuri, India: "In the Mainpuri district there are 295 towns with from five hundred to one thousand inhabitants; 129 towns with from one

thousand to two thousand inhabitants; 39 towns with from two thousand to three thousand inhabitants; 11 towns with from 3,000 to 5,000 inhabitants; 6 towns with from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. In most of these the gospel may have been preached two or three times during the last fifteen or twenty years, but there are 900 (or, more exactly, 897) villages in this district with less than 500 inhabitants to each, and how can the gospel light shine in all this district and in this multitude of crowded villages and towns, with so few to bear it and with the home Board ordering reductions in the estimates given? Here I am, with an imperfect knowledge of the language, alone in a district about thirty miles square, with 801,216 inhabitants scattered in 1,379 towns and villages; Etah also under my care, with 1,489 towns, etc., and 756,525 inhabitants."

I think of the 879 villages out over which I looked once last summer a year ago with Mr. Fulton, in the missionary field of southern China. As far as the eye could reach to the north, east, south and west, those 879 villages extended, one or two millions of souls, I suppose, in them; the shadow of a Christless night weighing upon them; waiting in the darkness for a Saviour of whom they will never hear save from those whom we will send.

And God's peculiar call to us in this matter of missionary service is not depending only upon the territory that we have marked off as our own, and the millions of souls for whom we are responsible. It must be measured, in some degree, by the strength of the summons which God's blessing upon our past

labor brings to us in these closing days of our century. It is true that in many missionary fields we are carrying on what must appear to the human gaze as a hopeless enterprise. We have some hard and difficult fields. We have never sought the easy places. We are building in the midst of a night for a day that shall dawn. We are watching not alone for results in present years: we are laying the foundations also for the generations and the ages that are before us, and we are doing this in the face of checks and discouragements until some day our patient labor shall bear its fruit. We were for some years in China before our first little church was formed. Sixty years ago there were about a score of Christians in our missions in China. In the next decade that score had grown to one hundred and forty; in the next ten it had grown to eight hundred, in the next ten to twenty-four hundred, in the next ten to eight thousand. In Korea our first convert was baptized in 1888. Last year our churches contained 932 communicants, while but a few months ago a college classmate of mine who is a missionary in Korea, came back from two itinerating trips having received three hundred church members and nearly one thousand probationers who are as good almost as our church members here at home. Two of our first converts in Laos were clubbed to death for renouncing Buddhism. Each of those two is now represented by more than one thousand communicants. In the Canton mission alone during the past year as many converts have been received into the churches as were produced by the first quarter of a

century of our work in all China. God has poured out his blessing upon our work. His blessing summons us.

And I think that His blessing is shown to us most clearly not in what we have yet done, but in what we may do, and in the opportunities that he has given to us. After all, as Browning says, "T is not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." It is not what we have accomplished by God's blessing, but what we are yet to accomplish, that should fill our thoughts. What God has opened before us the possibility of doing is more glorious than our attainment. Think only of our opportunities in China! A race of 400,000,000 of people — the finest natural race on the face of the world, just opening as never in all the years before; a race with natural characteristics far in advance, some think, of ours; a race that falls short of us chiefly in this, — that it is not so fond of blood and fighting as we; a race that some hold will be able, in almost every point that is worthiest, to outstrip our race. For, after all, what traits of character are highest? The traits of mastery or the traits of service? Who rules the world but the One who said of Himself, "I am among you as one who serveth," who came down, though He was rich, to make Himself poor and become the servant of all? In all these characteristics of industry, of patience, of frugality, of sense of responsibility, the Chinese race is in advance of ours. What can compare with the opportunity that God has opened before us in these latter days in China, — the opportunity to mould and shape

and use for Him and His Church one fourth the population of the world now coming forth from seclusion?

I should like to add to what I have been saying one other thing. I have spoken of the field which God's blessing has opened to us, and our present opportunity as marking God's indication of His will toward us as a missionary Church. May I say one last word about God's indication of His will to us in the power to fulfil His will that He has given to us? We have 225 ordained missionaries out on the foreign field for our parish, our Presbyterian parish, of 150,000,000 of souls—about one to every 700,000. We have at home nearly 9,000 ministers, licentiates and theological students, for a field, say,—to be generous,—of one eighth of the population of the United States. That is assuming a disproportionate share of it, perhaps, as ours, but let us say that 9,000,000 Americans constitute our home mission field; 150,000,000 of Asia, Africa and Central and South America constitute our foreign field. One man to his 700,000 abroad,—that man standing alone; few Sabbath-school helpers; no Christian agencies; no great influence surrounding him working towards Christianity. One man to his 1,000 at home, but-tressed and supported on every side by Christian workers, Christian papers, Christian agencies of all sorts working with him. What account shall we give of our stewardship when we stand on that great day before these 150,000,000 on one side, with 9,000,000 on the other? We shall know in that day, if we do not know it now, that we owe to that 150,000,000

not one iota less of Christ's gospel than we acknowledge we owe to the 9,000,000 here about us at home.

And as for the money needed to carry on this work, we have it in abundance. I read in one of the morning papers the other day the statement of our imports and exports for this current calendar year. By the time this year ends, we shall have sold other nations a thousand million dollars' worth of goods, and we shall have bought from other nations five hundred million dollars' worth. By the end of this year the balance of trade in our favor will be five hundred million dollars for the year. We have taken out of the pockets of the world, five hundred million dollars during this year. We give back to the world less than five million dollars' worth of Christ's Gospel. One per cent. of the balance of trade in our favor this year would exceed all that the Christians of this land will manage to gather together to give to Christ this year for the spread of the Gospel in the lands beyond the seas, for whose millions, as truly as for us, Christ lived and died.

This is what we are looking out over, the present and past, this Jubilee night. What are Jubilee nights for? Nice occasions when we praise ourselves contentedly? There is doubtless a utility in that proceeding. But, after all, what is the past but a preparation for the future? The past is nothing in itself. The question is not as to whether we are proud of the past. The question is, Will the past be proud of us? The great question for every man is not what sort of a man was his grandfather. The great question is what kind of a man is his grandfather's

grandson. It is of very little concern what we did in the past. The great question is what we propose to do in the days to come.

Holy things the great past promised,
Noble dreams both strange and new ;
But the present shall fulfil them,
What he promised she shall do.

And all the past would be failure and worse than failure if it were not a stepping-stone to larger and purer and nobler and greater things in years to come. Let all that God has enabled this church to do in these years that are gone, as Mr. Wells presented it to us in that noble record ; let all that God has accomplished through us in this great world in the years past ; let all the honor and the solemnity of the unexampled responsibility that He is laying upon us in these present days ; let all these things be but as the voice of Him who came, not to destroy but to save the world, calling us to a new loyalty to Him and to His cause,—loyalty which, by the grace of God, shall make us ready to sacrifice and serve, shall make us dissatisfied with all small sacrifice and service until we have won our part in the triumph of that day when no man any more in all this world shall need to grope blindly for the light that has already dawned.

THE JUBILEE OUTLOOK SERMON.¹

LATENT MORAL AND SPIRITUAL POWER—
ITS DEVELOPMENT AND USE.

REV. ROBT. G. HUTCHINS, D. D.



YOUR committee upon programme has wisely foreordained for this morning an "Outlook Service." It has been a royal delectation for us to review such multiplied triumphs as have, during the last quarter of a century, crowned your united labors as Pastor and People. But the principal and abiding advantage of such a retrospect is the motive and the momentum which you may gather from it for future achievement. It were not well to linger too long nor too lovingly among the hallowed memories. The worship of the golden calf was idolatry. The worship of a golden past is idolatry. I esteem it an unspeakable privilege to have here renewed the friendships of former years, to have greeted your later workers, and to have rejoiced with you all, in all your rejoicing. But this morning I feel a profound and prayerful sense of responsibility in attempting to bring you inspiration for the coming days.

I can perhaps do nothing better for you than faithfully to remind you of the vast resources of useful-

¹ See page 10.

ness which even now, after all the years of your religious culture and labor, remain undeveloped among you.

I have therefore chosen for my topic "Latent Moral and Spiritual Power—its Development and Use": a topic derived from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's gospel, the fourteenth and fifteenth verses:

"For it is as when a man, going into another country, called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, to another one; to each according to his several ability; and he went on his journey."

These goods were not a developed, but an undeveloped possession. They were like a farm that must be tilled in order to be productive. They were like a mine that must be worked in order to be remunerative. These talents were not talents in their fruitage, but *seed talents*. In the one there was another one hidden away; in the two there were two others secreted; in the five there were five more lying latent.

These goods and talents represent whatsoever we possess which may be turned to moral and spiritual uses. We therefore legitimately infer from the text the topic we have indicated: "Latent Moral Power—its Development and Use."

Should you ask me what I mean by Latent Moral Power, it would be easy to answer: "Power lying in an undeveloped state"; but here illustrations may serve us a better purpose than definitions.

Let us observe some illustrations of latent material

power, and then we shall the better understand the nature of moral and spiritual energy.

We see, for example, the great force of steam dragging innumerable passengers, countless tons of freight, over continents and oceans; and yet neither Watt, nor Fulton, nor Stephenson added any new power to steam; they simply developed and applied a power which had always lain latent in it.

We have taught electricity to be our swift-footed messenger over the land and through the sea; we have harnessed it to our carriages, and found it swifter than the race-horse, and as gentle as the family steed; but neither Franklin, nor Morse, nor Field, nor Edison has added any new power to electricity: these men have simply developed and applied a power which has always lain latent in it.

I hold in my hand a pound of coal. I am told that that pound of coal, when applied through steam to machinery, will be equal in its energy to the labor of a working-man for one day, so that three hundred pounds of coal would be just about equivalent to the labor of a working-man for a year. Now what vast deposits of latent material power there must be in the ten thousand square miles of coal-fields in the State of Ohio; in the two hundred thousand square miles of coal-fields in the United States!

We now, dear friends, understand the nature of latent material power.

Within every responsible human being there is another sort of latent power—the power of faith, of love, of hope, of righteousness, of Christian helpfulness.

In 1714 a man-child was born in Gloucester, England. At the age of fourteen he might have been seen in an inn, with a blue apron tied about his waist, drawing beer from the tap for the customers, or scrubbing the bar-room floor. But within the breast and brain of this boy there lies a power that by and by shall flame forth in holy eloquence; a power that shall bear him like a flaming seraph from continent to continent, having the everlasting Gospel to preach; a power that shall hold spellbound twenty thousand people on Boston Common, three times twenty thousand people on Moorfields, England: for this boy is none other than George Whitefield.

In 1739, or thereabouts, in an old building formerly used as a foundry, there stands a young man, with the mien of a gentleman and a scholar, a man of fluent speech, but with less of eloquence than Whitefield, within whom dwells a power which shall yet organize that magnificent religious order which we call Methodism, a denomination that has since penetrated not only the great centres of population, but remote mountain hamlets, and has dotted the globe with its missionary stations: for this young man is John Wesley.

In 1483 a child was born in Saxony. In his maturity he said, "My father was a peasant, my grandfather was a peasant, all my forefathers were peasants. My poor mother brought wood from the forest upon her back for the family baking." And yet in the breast and brain of this infant there dwells a power that shall shake the whole world in

the German Reformation: for this child is Martin Luther.

We now understand the nature of latent moral and spiritual power.

Should you ask me more specifically concerning the characteristics of this power, I should answer, it is not, strictly speaking, power on deposit, but power in germ. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there is any such thing as power on deposit. Certain it is that all power is God's power. To annihilate the material and the moral universe He would need to issue no fiat. He would need only to withdraw his sustaining hand. He upholdeth all things by the word of His power.

I hold in my hand a little dark three-cornered seed. I'll drop it under my window in the spring-time. In a few weeks my trellis is covered all over with beautiful morning-glories. It was a little seed, and yet the far-off sun was mindful of it and sent it heat; the great ocean was mindful of it and sent it moisture; the laboratory of the earth went to work in its behalf. All the beauty on my trellis was once bound up in the seed. But it needed to wait upon sun and sea and earth for its development.

The latent moral power of which I speak is not a power which can count God out, but which for its development must count God in — God's Spirit, God's Providence, God's Word.

Latent moral power is exceedingly various in form and degree. There is power in this right hand; there is also power in my right eye. But how dissimilar the power of the hand from the power of the

eye! The members of Christ's body have gifts differing.

There is no responsible being who is utterly destitute of this power.

It seems to me that the saddest plaint in all the Scriptures is that of poor Esau, when he has been robbed by Jacob of his birthright and of his father's blessing. "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father." That was "a great and exceeding bitter cry." No child of God needs to take up that wail. God is not so poor that He needs to disinherit any one of His children.

There is a pride that apes humility, which whines out in prayer-meetings, "I have no talents." That is a libel against God.

None can tell what power God has put into a man until that power has been brought out of him. Years ago, when the eloquent Dr. Kirk was pastor of Mount Vernon Church, Boston, there sat in the gallery a dull-faced boy, who slept regularly throughout the service — through the wonderful preaching of the pastor, through the tender-toned, fervent prayers, through the splendid music of the choir. But one Sabbath, as Dr. Kirk was closing the last prayer, the stupid boy rubbed his eyes to wakefulness in time to hear the closing words, "For Christ's sake, Amen." He walked homeward wondering what Dr. Kirk could mean by those words. Reaching his solitary chamber, he continued to ask himself the question, "What did Dr. Kirk mean by saying, 'For Christ's sake, Amen'?" At last the meaning pierced his stolid brain, and throwing himself upon his knees before

God, the youth gave himself up for Christ's sake. In stammering language, murdering the Queen's English, he commenced informally to preach the Gospel. In answer to his appeals, multitudes gave themselves to Christ. He went across the sea and won ten thousand souls for his Redeemer. He has gone from strength to strength till now all Christendom is thanking God for the work which Dwight L. Moody has done "for Christ's sake," and the angels of heaven shout "Amen!"

Sunday-school teacher, despair of no humblest child in your class, however unpromising and stupid. God may have intrusted to you the development of another Moody.

But let us now ask what great reasons are there for the development of our Latent Moral and Spiritual Power. You will agree with me that it would have been an unutterable calamity to the world had Luther, in his day, squandered his talents, or left them done up in a napkin. You will agree with me that there was in the social conditions of the eighteenth century great need for the development of the resources of Whitefield and Wesley.

Let us bear in mind that it may make a great difference to the well-being of this sorrowful earth whether you and I make of ourselves "vessels meet and sanctified for the Master's use."

To keep up the old-time battle between good and evil we need to bring out of us all the Moral Energy that is in us.

"For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers,

against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

Look upon a missionary map and you will see that Christendom is only a green pasture-land, diked off from the wide-spread sea of heathenism and false religions. We need to develop our latent power to keep up the dikes. Should the Church of Christ at any point diminish its labors, wickedness would come in like a flood. If in the city of Brooklyn the churches should become extinct for fifty years, you would have here practical heathenism—*civilized* heathenism indeed, but heathenism nevertheless, pure and simple.

To heal the wounds that sin has made, the power that is in us must be brought out of us. The war of evil that has been going on through the millenniums has not left the world unscathed. I remember to have read a letter by Grace Greenwood, written from the field of Waterloo. "Just where the battle raged most fiercely," she says, "I found a modern dwelling, with children playing about it, and in the yard flowers blooming, nourished by the blood of the slain." Reading this, I said to myself, "This is what we want to do for the sad old battle-field of earth. We want to make it a good place for fathers and mothers and little children to dwell in, a garden in which the plants of righteousness shall blossom."

In the city of my recent labor, I once ascended the bluffs overlooking the smoke-shrouded town, and for a moment imagined that the roofs were lifted from the houses not only, but from all the human hearts as well in the great city. I seemed to see the dispir-

ited wives of drunken husbands, the broken-hearted mothers of dissolute sons; all the poverty and sorrow and distress which sin had made. O how I wished, at that moment, that I had a thousand times the strength which God had given me, to alleviate, to comfort and to bless!

We need to develop our latent moral power that we may open up again the beneficent wells which the fathers digged, but which the enemy has filled up. You remember how Isaac went down into the Valley of Gerar and reopened the wells which his father Abraham had digged, but which the Philistines had stopped up. We inherited from our fathers the fountain of Domestic Purity, but the Philistines have clogged and polluted its flow. The vast number of divorces which disgrace our court records are only hints of the wide-spread degeneracy of the American home.

We need to open up again the old well of Christian Democracy, which our fathers sunk, and from which they drank such deep, invigorating draughts. The vast multiplication and practical omnipotence of wicked monopolies and trusts; the great cleavage between the rich and the poor, between capital and labor; the poverty and squalor of multitudes among our working-classes,—these are an appeal for the developed faith, and courage, and fortitude of the Church of God.

A profound reverence for the Sabbath has hitherto been a distinguishing characteristic of the English-speaking race. But the old fountain of a hallowed Sabbath is already largely filled up by the imported Sunday hilarities of continental Europe, by the greed

of railroad corporations and manufacturing concerns. Who imagines that the task of reopening this fountain can be anything less than herculean ?

The fathers bequeathed us the fountain of temperance. They certainly never dreamed of the multiplied curses and horrors of the modern saloon, crowding with its victims immense almshouses, insane asylums and prisons, and filling our institutions for the idiotic with the offspring of drunkards. They never dreamed of the Saloon, which controls political parties, ordains legislation, and buys up or terrorizes courts of justice.

Not until these ancient fountains are opened up again can the Church of God sing, with full exultation, the Psalmist's Song: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High." May the Lord multiply our power to match our emergency!

Moreover, we must either put our talents to the exchangers for their increase, or must stand baffled before the gigantic missionary task which God has assigned us. Our Saviour, just before His departure from earth, said to His apostles, "When the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in Judæa, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." "In Jerusalem." To us this suggests our great work in the evangelization of the city. "In Judæa." To us this suggests our stupendous Home Missionary work, through which, in our own frontier communities, we must anticipate or supplant the saloon and the brothel by the church and the school. "In Samaria."

To us this suggests our duty to the formerly despised and neglected classes, to the Indian, to the Chinaman, to the Freedman. "The uttermost part of the earth." To us this suggests our Foreign Missionary stint, on the plains of India, in the cities of China, in the isles of the Pacific.

There is a legend, which one of our poets has done into verse, of an old monk who, while saying his devotions in his darkened cell, was visited by a vision of the Saviour. The old man's soul was suffused with holy joy. Just then the convent bell rang a signal for him to distribute alms at the gate. But he answered, "I cannot leave this Divine Vision, I cannot leave my Saviour." Again the convent bell rings. Again the monk replies, "Hush thy voice, O duty, and suffer me to enjoy my Saviour." But the third ringing of the bell lifts him from his knees, and he hastens to the gate to perform his service of charity. All slowly and solemnly he returns to his cell, expecting to find the vision departed; but lo! it remains, and is more resplendent than before, and from the lips of the Saviour come these words, "Hadst thou tarried, I would have fled." At our gates, beloved, stands not a little group of hungry mendicants, but a world starving for the Bread of Life. In our closets we may see visions of our Saviour; but he only shall retain such visions who rises, at the call of Duty, to feed the perishing millions.

We have now seen how immense and urgent is the need for the development of our latent moral power, and it is time to ask, "How can this power be developed?"

There are implements for the cultivation of the soil; there are implements for the development of a mine; and there are implements for mining power out of a man. Such an implement is consecration. Let him who would be powerful give all that he is and hopes to be, all that he has and hopes to have, to the Lord, who bought him with His blood. But, you ask, "How can one grow rich in strength, who gives away all that he possesses?" A somewhat similar query once arose in the mind of Peter, when he said, "We have left all to follow Thee. What shall we receive?" Wait a minute, Peter, and I will answer thee what thou shalt receive. Thou shalt have as thy requital the privilege of companying three blessed years with thy Lord and Master. Thou shalt see Him heal the sick, restore the blind to sight, raise the dead to life, and still the stormy waters of Gennesaret. Thou shalt have the honor of preaching the Pentecostal sermon, under which three thousand souls shall be born into the kingdom in a single day. Thou shalt have the inspiration to write epistles the world will never let die. And when thou hast finished thy work on earth, thou shalt enter, through the gate of martyrdom, into the gates of glory. Art thou satisfied, Peter? Dost thou want back thy house at Capernaum, and the old fishing-boats and nets? And what wast thou, Peter? Thou wast a swearing fisherman, down by the Sea of Galilee. And what hast thou become? A foremost apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a glorified saint in Heaven, whose name adorns the grandest temple upon earth.

That saintly young woman, Harriet Newell, who

at nineteen consecrated her life to the foreign missionary work, and who died before she reached the field of her labor, sent back from her death-bed this message to her mother :

“Tell my mother that her Harriet never regretted any sacrifice she ever made for the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Beloved, none of us will ever regret any sacrifice he has ever made for the Lord Jesus Christ.

My honored brother in Christ, and in the Gospel ministry, this Jubilee has been filled with exultation, but I very well know that during the last quarter of a century you have not rested upon a bed of roses. As to-day you review your pastoral trials and your labors abundant, tell me, do you now regret any sacrifice you have ever made for the Lord Jesus Christ? And you, beloved brethren, who from the founding of Throop Avenue Mission Sunday School through nearly half a century have here surrendered personal comfort and indulgence for the uplifting, guarding, and saving of your fellow-men, tell me, do you now regret any sacrifice you have ever made for the Lord Jesus Christ?

Another implement for mining out power from the human soul is Christian trust. To be strong for service we need to be relieved from carking cares. We need

A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

We need to cast our care on Him who careth for us.

At the Battle of Crécy, Edward the Black Prince, who was but a youth, was set to lead the van. His father, the king, was stationed upon a hilltop with reinforcements. Being hard pressed, the prince sent to his father for succor. No help came. A second messenger was sent, who bore a more urgent appeal. No reinforcements came. A third messenger was sent to the king, and then the king replied: "Tell my son, that I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when succor is necessary, nor so inconsiderate a father as not to send it when it is necessary." You can never call him a weak man, who amidst the battle of life feels sure that the omnipotent God is his father, who has divine skill to detect the hour of real need, and with divine love to supply that need.

Time fails me to dwell upon other means for the development of latent moral power. You will readily remind yourselves of what love and labor for God and fellow-men may do for you towards this great end.

But I must, dear friends, before closing, say a word concerning the use of developed spiritual power. It is too precious and costly, too heavenly in its origin, too beneficent in its applications to be squandered or injudiciously used. Moral and spiritual power should, like steam, be applied as soon as generated. You remember that the manna of the Israelites could not be kept on deposit; at least only the Sabbath supply could be so kept. The unused manna soon became offensive. Nothing grows stale and worthless more quickly than an idle Christian

experience. Indeed, unused power speedily lapses into paralysis and impotency. Spiritual power should be used with discrimination as to its objects. It is too sadly needed to be devoted to barren enterprises. It should be used also with concentration of energy.

We should gain the consent and coöperation of all our faculties for the work Providence assigns us. There should be no misgivings, no holding back, but whole-hearted enthusiasm of endeavor. So much concerning the use of our developed spiritual resources.

We have seen how much hangs, even here on earth, upon the multiplication and use of our talents. But there is a consideration beyond this. Eternal issues depend upon fidelity to our stewardship. By and by the Lord will come and reckon with us. If one has taken his talent and hid it in a napkin, and for his self-defense has to stammer out the old libel against his Lord,—“I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou didst not sow, and gathering where thou didst not scatter; and I was afraid, and went away and hid thy talent in the earth; lo, thou hast thine own,”—he will be ineffably and eternally ashamed of himself.

But he who can at last say,—“Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents; lo, I have gained other two talents,”—or,—“Thou deliveredst unto me five talents; lo, I have gained other five talents,”—he will not dread, but welcome the coming of his Lord, and with rapture hear,—“Well done”—not great or brilliant—but “good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Beloved, we have for this hour stood together on this Mount of Outlook, this Jubilee Pinnacle of Vision. The inspiration of transfiguring motives is upon us. We descend together to the work God assigns to us. The Future claims you — all you are, all you can be, all you have, all you may have. To you God has here given a magnificent field for Christian operations. The momentum of a wonderful past is pressing you onward. The greatness of your ever-increasing responsibilities need not appal you, for “as your day is, so shall your strength be.”

If ever for one faltering moment you sigh,—“Who is sufficient for these things?” the next moment shall be one of triumph, and you shall shout exultantly, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

Be more solicitous to do the Lord's work than to secure immunity from struggle and trial. Calmly confide all your sacred interests into His keeping, and above all things, seek to do the will of Him who hath sent you. Amid all your toils keep yourselves in the love and peace of God, and with the lamented Dean Alford trustfully sing,

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

JUBILEE MEMORIAL

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short, if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! Safe to the land!
The end is this:
And then, with Him, go hand in hand,
Far into Bliss.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.¹

MR. FRANK R. HIBBARD.



WE meet to-night to commemorate the thirty-first anniversary of the founding of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church Sabbath School.

As we look back over these thirty-one years of school life, we rejoice that we can bear our testimony that the life we have lived as a school has been lived by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us; that because we have been crucified with Christ, Christ has lived in us, and Christ having lived in us, we have been enabled in no small measure to live unto God.

It has been a life derived and received from Him who said: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." It has been a life that has been nurtured by the "sincere milk of the Word," so that during all these years we have been enabled both to "hold forth the Word of Life," as being the "power of God unto salvation," and to "hold fast the faithful Word" by which we have been furnished for every good work which we have been privileged to perform. It has been a life quickened and energized by the indwelling Spirit of God. Because the "law of the spirit of life in

¹ See page 10.

Christ Jesus has made us free from the law of sin and death," we have known in our school experience the blessedness of "walking not after the flesh, but after the Spirit"; of being "strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness"; of being "builded together through the Spirit"; and of being enabled to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

So, my dear friends, we may truly say that our three decades of school life have been born of faith in God, fed by the Word of God, and quickened by the Spirit of God.

If we should carefully review the school's history for these years, I feel assured that we should find that it had been animated by one purpose; that it had steadily aimed at one definite end; and that it had been controlled by a single dominating motive. We would find that its one animating purpose has been to "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"; that the one definite end at which it has aimed in all its work has been, that the children placed in its care should "all be taught of the Lord," and become the "children of God by faith in Christ Jesus"; and that the one dominating motive that has controlled it in all its activities has been to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."

This school has had its own distinct individuality. Some of the characteristics which have been peculiar to it have been referred to in the historical sketch, and it will therefore be unnecessary for me to refer

to them; but there are one or two very noticeable features which at this time are deserving of mention.

One is the unquestioning loyalty, the unflagging devotion, the unquenchable enthusiasm, and the passionate love of all the teachers in the work to which they have been called.

What this school has been, has been due, under God, to the earnest and united corps of teachers who have given themselves in complete self-surrender to the work of leading the children to Christ, and instructing them in the principles of the gospel.

The debt of gratitude, affection, and love due the teachers from the superintendent is simply inestimable. By their loyal coöperation, quick response, earnest prayers, and heartfelt sympathy, they have been at all times to him a wonderful source of strength, and a vigorous incentive to his activity.

Many are the schools in our city well equipped with teachers, but no school in the land surpasses, and few equal, the Throop Avenue School in the sterling qualities of its teaching corps. Wonderfully has God blessed us in this particular, and to Him be all the praise.

Another noticeable feature which is deserving of mention is the work of the Men's Bible Class, under the leadership of Mr. Russell W. McKee.

This class is entitled to a prominent place in our thoughts, because of the character of its members, the marvelous triumphs of grace it has witnessed, and the wide-spread influence it has exerted. Its members have come from all ranks of life, and in the class they have all been blended in the most delight-

ful harmony and brotherly affection. Many of the most obdurate and hardened sinners have by it been led to Christ, and have witnessed, by the devotion and purity of their lives, to the power of the gospel in transforming and moulding character.

This class was organized in the Park Avenue Chapel, and in February, 1875, it was transferred to this school. For twenty-five years, therefore, it has been identified with our work. To the honored and revered teacher we extend at this time our sincere and hearty congratulations for all that he has been privileged to accomplish for the Master, and for the souls that have been committed to his care.

In the name of the school I beg the privilege of laying at the feet of our beloved pastor, at this Jubilee time, our small and feeble tribute of esteem, affection, and love. I have said that what this school has been is due, under God, to its corps of teachers; and now I want to say that what these teachers have been, has been due, under God, to the teaching, the life, and the example of the pastor. What he has been to each of us in counsel, in suggestion, in sympathy, in helpfulness, in incentive, and in inspiration, can never be known nor adequately appreciated until we, with all the blood-washed, shall surround the Throne of God and of the Lamb, and there see with clear vision what has been the breadth and length, and depth and height, of his love and devotion. Blessed is the school that has enjoyed the ministrations of such a man of God.

And now, my dear fellow-workers, in view of all that the Lord by His grace and Spirit has been to

us, and of all that He has done for us, and by us, in the last third of a century, and with the consciousness that He has bestowed upon us the inestimable privilege of being co-laborers with Him in this most blessed of all forms of Christian service, shall we not face the future with courage and enthusiasm, determined that while the Lord shall tarry, inasmuch as to this work we have been sent by God, that in this work we are taught of God, and that for our equipment we are promised the fullness of God, we will give to it the entire and unceasing devotion of our whole being? And to us all may there be given the realization of that most blessed and all-inclusive promise, that "our God will supply all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

THE TRUE OBJECT OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.¹

REV. JOHN ERSKINE ADAMS.



ROSS STREET sends with her pastor her greetings and congratulations to-night. It is not necessary for me to say that the close and tender relations in which she stands to her sister, born of the same mother, nourished at the same breast, and grounded in the same faith, inspire an earnest interest not only in the exercises you have been enjoying during the past week, and which come to their close this evening, but also in your future influence and prosperity. And before entering upon the topic assigned me, let me say that the character of this celebration must have been especially gratifying, not only to yourselves, but to all who have at heart the future interests of the Church of Christ. For it seems to me that you have not been merely indulging yourselves in a Jubilee, which, however well merited by the extraordinary results of the years in which your pastor has been with you, is to close to-night; nor in a pyrotechnic outburst of eloquence which is to end as all fireworks do end—in smoke. The rockets have gone up, but, if I am not mistaken, the sticks will not return to earth charred and void. It seems

¹ See page 10.

to me the selection of topics on which you have been addressed is significant. While you have not forgotten "the things that are behind," you are "reaching forth unto those things which are before." If this is a season of commemoration, it is also one of consecration; if you are in review, and your banners are proudly waving, you are also "at quarters" and at target practice, preparing to hit the mark more effectually when the battle-ship shall resume her war-paint, load her guns, and enter again into her serious business of bombarding the fortifications of the enemy. With this view, therefore, of these celebrations, I can understand the selection of the topic we are to take up to-night. And without further indulging myself in felicitations, I shall best meet the desires of your committee who assigned this subject to me by entering at once into it with all seriousness.

I wish you to note, therefore, in the first place, the wording of my theme: The *true* object of the Sabbath School. This would imply that there is danger of subordinating the main issue to others comparatively unimportant, and losing our grasp on the central, dominating purpose in the Sunday School work, because of minor results which may be achieved. In order, therefore, to clear the ground, let me suggest some of the less essential objects which are perhaps in many instances unduly magnified in the Sabbath School. The primary object of the Sabbath School is not the development of the social life of its members.

This is one of the results which will inevitably and properly be realized. The relations existing be-

tween teacher and scholar, desk and bench, are of the most tender and beautiful character. I have seen many instances in which a consecrated teacher has exerted more influence over the life of the child, or the youth, committed to his care, than the pastor or even the parent; the former prevented by many duties, and the large extent of his parish, from coming into close touch with many in the Sabbath School; the latter in many cases living unconsecrated lives in the home. Here the teacher has a great opportunity which no one else can embrace. To enter into intimate acquaintance with each of his scholars, to study the peculiar characteristics, the peculiar temperament, the peculiar temptations, the peculiar strength and weakness of every member of his class, is one of his most important duties. I cannot dwell upon this, nor is it my function. But even when this has been done, and teachers and scholars have established this endearing fellowship, the main object of the class has not been realized. Nor is the purpose of the Sabbath School fully accomplished by becoming an adjunct of the Church.

Here again, we may say, we touch an important phase of the work. I am not putting it too strongly when I say that the superintendent or teacher who does not labor with this end in view—that his school or his scholar may be a component part of the Church, participating in its worship and sharing in its toil, who does not develop the spiritual life and gifts of the scholars, that they may become its useful and consecrated members, is failing utterly to accomplish one of the principal objects of Sunday-school organization. This is true of Young People's

Societies, of all organizations; but in a special and important sense it is true of the Sabbath School, which must be the Church's nursery and kindergarten. And yet, I am forced to give this a subordinate place, in considering the topic of the evening.

The object of the Sabbath School is not simply the conversion of its scholars. This may perhaps seem to some a rather startling proposition. You are a teacher, and the dearest hope of your heart is to see your scholars confessing the Lord Jesus Christ, redeemed by his blood, and sanctified in the Christian life. And unless this hope be realized, you have not yet received, dear teacher, that full sanction of your work which you may claim from God. Until this is accomplished, all other results should be subordinated to that of witnessing the work of grace in the life of your scholar. But when that precious life has been consecrated to God and redeemed by the blood of Christ, is your task ended? Has it not, rather, in reality only just begun? Does not the Lord commit to your keeping that babe new born, that it may be nourished in the Word; that it may grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? As a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of our adult Sabbath-school membership are professing Christians, members of the Church, living consecrated lives. But in no sense does this fact render their relation to the Sabbath School less significant, or the duty of the Sabbath School to them less important. And this leads me directly to the positive thought I would give you to-night.

The true object of the Sabbath School is to be

found in the study of, and instruction in, the Word of God. This was the purpose for which it originally came into existence. The name of Robert Raikes has been immortalized in this connection. In the year 1780, business called him into the suburbs of Gloucester, England, where he lived. His heart was touched by the desperate condition of the children, who were employed chiefly in the pin-factories, and whose profanity and godlessness were as proficient as were their clothes deficient. Four female teachers were engaged to instruct them in reading and in the Catechism, for two hours each Sabbath morning, from ten to twelve. The afternoon was spent in receiving further instruction—in attending Church and repeating portions of the Catechism. This was the foundation-stone upon which the magnificent structure of the Sabbath School has been built. I cannot take your time to review the history of the development of the work during the last century. It has exceeded the largest expectations of its founders, because it has been true to the original purpose for which it was created. It has become the mightiest power in the Christian education of youth the world has ever seen, because it has taken the Bible for its text-book. It has not only in its faith supplied virtue, but in its virtue supplied knowledge. It has touched the deepest springs of youthful life, controlled its most earnest attention, commanded its unswerving loyalty, and aroused its holiest enthusiasm, only, I believe, because it has grounded it in the fundamental truths of the Word of God. Built on any other foundation, it would

long since have proved its unworthiness and instability. Torn from its vital relation to the Bible, it would long since have perished, suffering a well-merited death. Had it been organized for social culture, intellectual training, a course in moral æsthetics, or merely as an adjunct of the Church, and these alone, it could not have stood the tests of time. The Sabbath School to-day is a vital power because the Bible is a vital truth. Its membership is an active and enthusiastic body of believers, because it is instructed in the fundamentals of all faith and the eternal truths of revelation. It is the mainstay of our churches, and the surety of intelligent, well-instructed and consecrated future generations, because it believes, and acts on that belief, that "every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God," and I may add, I hope, not irreverently, the woman of God, "may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

This truth is so familiar to us that I need not dwell upon it. You have been trying to sum up the results of twenty-five years of work in this Church, in which your present pastor has been with you. We, his brother ministers, who know him, who are stirred by his fervor and eloquence upon the floor of Presbytery again and again, as he impresses upon us, with all the force of his magnificent personality, our duties, not only to our own churches, but to the unchurched masses about us, have little difficulty in grasping one of the secrets of this Church's power. But I am

sure that much of that success is due also to those who have supported him in his aggressive policy, who are thoroughly competent, and also thoroughly consecrated, because of their thorough training in God's Word in the Sabbath School, as well as the effective preaching of that Word from the pulpit.

And this leads me, though perhaps it is departing a little from the subject assigned me, to say that I believe loyalty to our Church should be a duty recognized as much in the Sabbath School as in the Church. I believe this Church is effective in service to-day, because of the efficient teaching of its doctrines and standards in the Sabbath School. Your pastor, if he is anything, is a Presbyterian through and through. If the pastor represents the Sabbath School, there is a good deal of blue Presbyterianism inoculated into the character and backbone of the scholars who gather beneath your roof from Sabbath to Sabbath. And surely this is as it should be. I am speaking with conviction when I say that you cannot teach Presbyterianism without teaching the Bible in a very thorough sense. I am also convinced, with all due regard to our denominational brethren, that you cannot teach the Bible without teaching a good deal that is embodied in our Westminster Confession and Shorter Catechism. I believe there are many conscientious and admirable teachers, outside of our own Sabbath schools and churches, who are better Presbyterians than they know. In spite of the demand which has arisen for a shorter creed—and for many reasons I would like to see that desire gratified—I believe to-day that

the Westminster Confession is the most comprehensive compendium of Bible doctrine the world has ever seen. And I believe that, as Sabbath School teachers, we are largely achieving the object of our work as we are thoroughly grounding our scholars in the doctrines of Presbyterianism. It is our business to make good Christians out of our scholars; it is also our business to make good Presbyterians of them. It is one of our most fundamental principles that we shall have an educated and intelligent ministry in the pulpit. This is demanded, and the demand is respected; and because that demand is respected, Presbyterianism has stood in the van of progressive thought and Christian enterprise. She stands there to-day. But we demand more than this. We demand that there shall be an enlightened pew; a people built up in their most holy faith and rooted and grounded in the fundamental doctrines of the Atonement.

More and more is there need of this. I am not, and never can be, in sympathy with the cry for non-sectarianism; for the abolition of creed and the unification of doctrine, and the breaking down utterly of all denominational lines. I believe there is room for all and work for all churches, so long as they rest upon Biblical truth, and preach the necessary atonement of the divine Christ; so long as they preach God's righteousness, and man's sinfulness; so long as they preach that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord; so long as they hold to an infallible Bible. For any organization that rejects

these fundamental truths I cannot believe there is room or work; I believe they are keeping back the coming of the Kingdom of God. But, brethren, I believe there is room for us, and more room than we have ever yet occupied; and more work than we have ever yet done; and I believe that we shall occupy this room and do this work in the years that are before us, only as our Sabbath schools bring up the younger generation upon the sincere milk of the Word.

This is the object of our Sunday School, to see to it that the faith once for all delivered to the saints is handed down to the oncoming generations, who are to stand where we stand to-day; who are to teach and preach when our lips are closed; who are to represent the Church, the body of Christ, and more especially that branch of the Church which has been nourished by the blood of our forefathers, when this generation is dead and gone. We need to teach the Bible as we have never taught it before in our Sunday schools. We must teach it in its unity of history and purpose and revelation; in its inspiration and infallibility; in its great doctrines, which teach far more than simply the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and especially in its revelation of Jesus Christ; in His character; in His teachings; in His personality; and in the ever-glowing, living, infinite truth of His atonement. We need to teach that Bible in its call to men for service, for sacrifice, for cross-bearing, for consecration. We need to teach it as it lays upon the heart of every follower of Christ the solemn responsibility

of sending its message through the length and breadth of our own land and every other land. In other words, we need to teach that Bible as it proclaims the great commission of the Son of God to the sons of men: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel." This is the work of the pulpit, but it is also the work of the Sabbath School. Do not, I beseech of you, neglect it.

As I look back with you to-night, and bless God for the rich measure of His grace which has been given to pastor and people in this quarter-century, I cannot help looking into the future and asking: "What may the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church be twenty-five years hence?" Who can answer that question, save omniscient God! But to this extent we may answer it. What this Church will then be, may be measured, not only by the character of the pulpit ministrations of your pastor,—whom may God spare to you through many years to come,—but by the earnestness, thoroughness, and fidelity with which, from Sabbath to Sabbath, from year to year, the teachers in your Sunday School are nourishing their scholars in the vital truths of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

"FORWARD."¹

REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.



IT is good to be here in this blessed atmosphere of love. I have to-day intermitted my usual work of preaching the Gospel that I might come and join in these sacred festivities. I wanted to come and bring my congratulations to this noble Church for their splendid enlargement during the years that are past, since the time that I first came to Brooklyn and this Church was the farthest outpost of Presbyterianism in what was then a rural region. I wanted to come and bring my hearty congratulations to your beloved pastor on these his silver nuptials. Long may his silver trumpet ring out the glorious Gospel within these walls, and distant be the day when the silver cords shall be loosed, and he shall go up to meet his spiritual children in glory ! Well, I may as well say it right to his face : I do love your pastor. He is a man after my own heart. We sympathize with each other, even up to our ears, and in that matter I have obtained absolute perfection. He is a good way behind me, and long may he continue there. But I 'll tell you one thing. He

¹ See page 10.

is not too deaf to hear the sweet accents of love that have been pouring in to warm and gladden his heart. I rejoice that during all these years, five and twenty, he has stood at his post as a servant of his Master with such grand fidelity. I rejoice that he has never degraded his pulpit with any sensational pyrotechnics. I have observed that fireworks never show well except in a dark atmosphere. I rejoice that he has always been true to the blessed Book. The wildest gales of pessimistic criticism have never made a window-pane rattle in this edifice of the living God. Above all, he has lifted up the cross of the Crucified, winning and welcoming many, many souls to the Master. So much for him.

Now to pass on to yourselves. Your Jubilee Week is ending under the palm-trees and by the wells of water, but you will have to march forward. The three disciples could not always tarry on the Mount, though Peter—Peter-like—wanted to stay there and build two or three huts to shut up the King of Glory in. No; there was work to be done there. Dear brethren and sisters of the Throop Avenue Church, what next? What next?

Two or three things I would say to you in the most loving earnestness. You must feel more than ever your tremendous responsibility. Daniel Webster once said the grandest thought that can ever take possession of the human mind is the thought of personal responsibility to God. The grandest thought that can impel a minister or church member is to feel the tremendous responsibility which they have to their fellow-men around them, for

whom they are bound to labor and whom they are bound to save. No church can do its work in the pulpit alone. The pew must reinforce the pulpit. Every member must feel, from the youngest to the oldest—every one must feel, "I am a servant of Christ. A minister of His to do His will and His work." And I want every one of you to feel that while in one sense it is Dr. Foote's church, it is yours, *yours*, YOURS, and from this time on more than ever you are to do your fullest work for your Master.

First, you must do it as his witnesses. Do you suppose the Lord Jesus Christ died for you and the Holy Spirit came to win you, simply to make you happy and comfortable? Ah, no, no. There is no palace-car, my brethren, for you to ride luxuriously on to glory. I am afraid that those who come to the gate in a palace-car will not be so sure of admission. No; every one of you must feel, "I am a witness of the Lord Jesus Christ. I represent Him. Look at me every day, not only in church, but in business, in social life—wherever I am—to see what Christ is in the person of His followers." Don't think I am irreverent; when I see a faithful, God-fearing, large-hearted, soul-winning man, I see in one sense the Master, for He said, "I am with you, and in you." It was the Christ in Paul that made him so victorious; that sent down through the centuries the man, his messages, his life, his labors. Wherever you go, people will look at you to see what it is to be a Christian. I think worse than any scoff of the skeptic is the betrayal of Christ by an

inconsistent Christian. You have either to be a leader or a stumbling-block. Which will you be? Suppose a lawyer brings up his witnesses in court, and the first one knows nothing; the next one contradicts himself; the next one gives testimony all against him. That case is thrown out of court through the perfect breakdown of the witnesses. Shall the case of the Crucified Master be thrown out through your unfaithful witness-bearing? God forbid! The power of a Christian personality is to-day the most tremendous argument for the crusade of Christ. It is not, therefore, what you say so much as that you are, every one of you, the representative of Jesus Christ. I want to burn that thought into your very hearts. It is the power of personality. The man or woman that walked in your shoes into this sanctuary to-night, what about him? What about her? Ask yourselves this question: "Am I to look through the Throop Avenue Church records to find out whether I am a Christian?"

You must not only be witness-bearing, amiable, pure, honest, loving, but you are to be soul-winners — soul-winners every one of you. Do you wish, my dear brothers and sisters, to leave to that faithful minister all the joy and glory of winning every convert that has ever been brought into this congregation? Did not the Master as much mean you to be a soul-winner as any ordained minister of Jesus Christ? Why, it is just as much your business to fill this house every Sabbath as it is my brother Foote's business. How many of you invite your unconverted neighbors to the house of God on

Sunday! Is this gospel, life? Are some of your neighbors going down to everlasting death? You meet them in business; you meet them socially; you bring your influence to bear on them a hundred ways. How many of your unconverted neighbors do you feel it your duty to invite even to come and hear the gospel? If all our church members felt it was their responsibility to bring their unconverted neighbors to the house of God, how few of the seats would be vacant and how many souls would be reached! We do not half use the personal persuasion of individual Christians for the building of our churches. I want you to go home and think about this. I want you to feel that you have no right to shake off your responsibility for that unconverted, non-church-going neighbor of yours. Don't let him be buried up by his atheistic newspaper all God's day, if you can bring him to the house of God. I don't believe that the members of the Church feel one tenth the responsibility they ought about bringing the unconverted to the house of the Lord.

Let it not stop at the bringing of them into the house of God. You have got to work in personal effort for the conversion of souls. The passage in that Book reading, "Redeeming the time," is not a happy translation. The words literally are, "Buy your opportunity." In short, it means "the nick of time." Successful men are men who have made the most of their opportunities. Battles turn on a few moments. The salvation of souls turns on small pivots; on single efforts, in the strength of God, to win to Christ. Have you no opportunity, dear

brothers and sisters, to win souls? I do not mean only Sunday-school teachers with your classes. Do you know that the unconverted must wonder why, if all we say is true, we do not take any interest in them? Good old Dr. Spring said that he never felt so much like sinking through the floor as when he went to the house of a wealthy lady that he had somehow got afraid of, because she lived in luxury. He had never talked with her about her soul. But he determined at last to go and have a plain, loving talk with her. He went into the drawing-room, and there the good old man opened the subject kindly and faithfully. What was the first response he got? "My pastor, I have been waiting for you to do this a great many years." He had been afraid to approach the subject with one who was waiting to be beckoned and led to the Master! There is one thing I fear to meet. It is the awful specter of lost opportunities. God keep you and me from having such specters—lost opportunities to win souls to Christ, floating by us. How many there are who are wondering why we don't come to them oftener to win them to Christ! Oh, how many times the door is a little ajar and ready to be pushed in! Why not be on the lookout all the time and watch for opportunities? Watch for them as Harlan Page did, who made it a rule that he never would be ten minutes or fifteen minutes in company with any person without saying something to do him good, and the result was, that although he was a layman (and I am talking to lay Christians to-night), he could point to a hundred souls or more at his early death

whom he had brought to the Master. We never know, when we are doing a good thing, how much good we are doing. How little did Edward Kimball know, when he spoke in Boston many years ago to that dull-faced boy who was among his scholars, ignorant of his Bible, that he was to become, finally, the foremost layman of his day? That boy's name is Dwight L. Moody. England just now is being shaken by tremendous conflicts against Ritualism. There is no knowing where this war will end, and the man who leads it is John Kensit, a layman who is determined to rouse England to a sense of the encroachment of high Ritualism and Romanism. Yesterday I got a letter from a young minister whose father was once a Primitive Methodist minister in a little church in Brooklyn. His father is now in England. He wrote me yesterday these words: "John Kensit, who is shaking England, years ago, one night, stood on the verge of a crowd in a street in London. He heard my father, the Primitive Methodist, preach; and was there converted. My father came out of the church discouraged because there were none to preach to, and determined to preach in the streets." And lately Kensit admitted that he was converted by the preaching of the Primitive Methodist in the streets. Years ago, in Colchester, a poor old preacher came through a snow-storm, in his thin coat, to preach; and when they said to him, "There are not enough to preach to," he said, "Yes, I must preach." And he preached on "Look unto me, . . . and be saved." In the course of his sermon he pointed to Charles H. Spurgeon,

who was present, and said, "Yon lad that looks so sad can never get comfort until he comes to Christ." That sermon was the greatest work done on God's globe that day. That brought to Christ the most transcendent preacher of the gospel the nineteenth century has witnessed. Spurgeon never saw the man again — he crept back into obscurity.

Dear friends, what a glorious thing it would be if this church could go right out of this Jubilee into a great revival. Why not? What next? What next? Take the promises. Follow the example of the old negro in Virginia who said, "I just lay right down on God's promises and pray right up." That is what you are to do. Take the promises and work up to them. Don't, I beg of you, send for any help from abroad. Don't let any one else deprive you of the joy of winning souls to Christ. Now and then God creates a Moody, sometimes some other Heaven-blessed evangelist. During my own thirty years in the pulpit every revival we ever had began with the church at the Mercy-Seat, without looking anywhere under the heavens for anybody. We went to headquarters and the blessing came. I do not speak disparagingly of any man who loves to preach or win souls, but you tell any young man entering the ministry, "It is your business to visit the sick, and marry those that are to be married, and to bury the dead, and to prepare so many sermons for Sunday; but if souls are to be converted, you must send for somebody else to do it," and if that man has any brains he will never stoop to a pulpit. When I was about to study for the ministry at Princeton (God

bless dear old Princeton!), had I been told, "Your business is merely perfunctory, to go through the mechanical work of a minister; but if souls are to be saved, you will have to get some one from outside," I should have become, what I was in terrible danger of becoming,—a lawyer. No, I should never have gone to the pulpit if I could not have experienced the joy of leading souls out of darkness into the light, and winning souls to the Master.

Now, these are two important points: First, feel your responsibility. Next, feel "when any one looks at you, he ought to see your Master." What are personal property, gold and silver, stocks and real estate, in comparison with having an estate in Heaven?

I want to fire the hearts of this beloved congregation to-night with a most intensely earnest and solemn determination that they will now go forward; forward with new consecration; forward with new devotion to their Master; forward, forward, to win souls to Christ! Can you do it yourselves? No! No! There is One that can do it, if you will let Him, through you. What you want is the power from on high. What that Cunard steamer wants is the fire in the furnace to release the latent power in the coal-bunkers, and let it lay hold of the screws and drive her forward against wind and wave. What you want in this Church most of all is the Heavenly fire—the descent of the Holy Spirit. Buffalo to-night, as you know, is lit by Niagara Falls. All the machinery will whirl to-night by the power that is generated by Niagara

Falls. That latent electric power in the mighty cataract has been there since long before the first Indian ever saw the Falls — all unused, undeveloped. Now they are using it. That mighty power that can make this pulpit luminous and your lives glorious and win souls here, waits, waits to be employed, just as the electric power of the cataract waited for the neighboring city to use it. Will you to-night go home and pray for the coming of Christ's blessing that can gladden the heart; the descent of the Holy Spirit?

Let me again thank you for the privilege of being with you. I should have felt a neglected man, Brother Foote, if you had not invited me. I would have felt as if you were forgetting old friends if you had not had Brother Wells and me, your old associates in the Presbytery, to come and rejoice with you. Wherefore, I have come and brought my simple message, and if you begin to draw the net and the net is likely to break with the wealth of fishes, we will come and help you draw the net, and we shall rejoice in the privilege. So, as I bid you good night, I once more say to you all, pastor, elders, superintendents, teachers, fathers, mothers, all young people's organizations, all your societies, forward, forward! Those are the marching orders to Israel on the brink of the sea. There is Canaan, there is Egypt. Which? Backward, Egypt — forward, Canaan. To which will you go, beloved? Commander-in-chief to my Master, forward! Forward, dear brother, carrying the banner of Christ at the head of this Church, until the time comes when it wraps

around you as your winding-sheet! Forward, Sunday-school teachers, while there is a child in this neighborhood to be reached and brought in! Forward, all men and women of faith to the Mercy-Seat. There is the cloud ready to burst in a shower of blessings upon this beloved Church. Forward to the throne of God, and then these walls will have a jubilee, and will echo with the new songs of converted souls, and Heaven will respond as you gather in the harvest and are ready to sing, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord Jesus Christ omnipotent reigneth!" Good night, beloved brother. God bless you on and on and on until the morning breaks and I trust you and I will clasp hands before the Throne of Glory.

THE CLOSING ADDRESS.¹

REV. J. D. WELLS, D. D.



THIS is the eighth and last day of these commemorative services. It is not given to many churches to have the like. You have reviewed a pastorate of twenty-five years; a church history of more than thirty-six years; and a mission-school history of forty-six years. My memory covers them all. The change from the village of Williamsburg to the city or part of the city of New York, is not greater, relatively, than the transformation of the region within whose limits you have wrought for God and souls from the beginning until now. The moral change is more worthy of notice than the material.

There are present and active in all the work of your Mission and Church now, men and women at the high meridian of their strength and usefulness, who were in their teens and not confessors of Christ when the Mission was opened for the children of this neighborhood. The grace of God that bringeth salvation came most opportunely to prepare workers for the field waiting for the service. They heard the call and cheerfully responded.

¹ See page 10.

Some of the early toilers have finished their course and entered into rest. They are part of the great cloud of witnesses that compass you about, intelligent and wistful observers, who love to recall their own toil, and rejoice in yours.

I add that the Holy Spirit has borne witness with your spirits, that in this work of many years you have been led by Him. If this is true, it follows on the testimony of His Word, that you are children of God. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." (Romans viii: 14.)

In assigning the many parts of this Jubilee service from Sunday, October 30, until the present time, to different persons, it pleased the committee of arrangements to give me the privilege and responsibility of speaking the last words, and choosing my own theme.

I need not remind you that you have been highly favored in hearing your honored pastor's hearty salutations, and the words of the other brethren who have spoken to you in the name of the Lord, and also the words of the sweet singers, male and female, who have given emphasis to precious truths by the melody and harmony of many voices filling the house. I share the joy of all in the review of the past, the survey of the present, and the anticipation of the future.

Let me tell a little of my own joy.

In your mission work, your church work, and your pastoral work, there has been one steadfast purpose, to adopt no questionable methods. In your day of small things, as of the larger and the largest,

you have never swerved from that purpose. But it has been more than negative. Not only have you kept clear from methods of work which I need not name, for they are well known and popular, but you have sought out, and practised with diligence and prayer, only churchly methods on which you could confidently ask the blessing of God who dwelleth in Zion.

When the children gathered for instruction in the early years were rudest and most irresponsible to Christian teaching and influence, you wisely judged that God had adapted His Word to the human mind and entire nature. So you gave "precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little" to the smaller and the larger ones, and God blessed you in your work. I witnessed the process and its results. I bear grateful testimony to this as a fact at the beginning, and in the continuance of your work.

When you saw the need of better and more commodious apartments than a store for the shelter and convenience of those who, in growing numbers, looked to you as their teachers and guardians, you built the structure in Throop Avenue near Ellery Street. This you have kept in good repair. It is still thronged with the multitude of children and youth composing your Mission School. And it stands for a future larger, every way, and more beneficent, we trust, even than its past.

There the Lord gave you souls for your hire. You could ask him for nothing more precious. But where should these young disciples find a church

home with nurture to a stronger and holier life in Christ? The question was soon answered. You did not plant a mission to be an appendage to some older church at a distance. You wisely withdrew from the churches you loved, and where you were endeared to pastors and people, and the Presbytery registered your names with the names of those given you in the Mission. In 1862 "The Throop Avenue Mission Church" was organized and enrolled among the churches then under the care of the Presbytery of Nassau. From that time the rich and the poor have met together for worship, fellowship, and work.

At last the time came that a few adults of the German race and their children needed a place where they could meet for worship and instruction in the dear tongue of the Fatherland. You gladly flung open your doors and gave them the free use of your Mission building. I rejoice with you in the result—to wit, the early organization of the Hopkins Street German Presbyterian Church, the purchase of lots, and the erection of a commodious brick edifice while the Rev. John Meury was pastor. Now the Rev. Arnold W. Fismer, the faithful and beloved pastor of the same church, is relatively as important to it as our dear Dr. Foote to this. Early in February of this year the Hopkins Street Church celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and an honored brother, a corporate member of this church, gave "a grandfather's talk" on the occasion, a talk which an older than he would gladly have given had his health at the time permitted.

With the growth of the city and your church work, you moved from Throop Avenue below, to this attractive corner, given to the congregation for permanent occupancy by one of your own corporate members. Here a modest building was erected, and here the Church, under a new name — "The Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church" — started on a new career with a wider outlook. More than once you have enlarged your chapel. It is now so transformed as to retain hardly a semblance of its former self. Here in the earlier years you knew struggles and changes, under two pastorates, that brought you into deep sympathy with other churches in their times of weakness.

Then came the pastorate of our dear brother whom we all delight to honor. It is not easy to compass in thought and heart even the leading facts of the Rev. Dr. L. R. Foote's pastorate of twenty-five years. In his manifold salutations of all coöperating with him here, he could not, or would not, salute himself last Sabbath morning. Happily, the salutation came to him last Thursday night from the lips and heart of Elder McKee, and became precious and lasting silver and gold in the loving-cup of his grateful people.

The history of building, enlarging, and beautifying your chapel, your final removal to this commodious and beautiful sanctuary, and paying for all, is quite too large a theme for the few moments that remain to me. I hope it has been fully written, or will be, and carefully preserved in the archives of the congregation as an heirloom for your successors.

Of infinitely greater interest here and in heaven is the gathering together unto Christ, for salvation and service, of many hundreds, within these consecrated walls, and the departure of scores at least, of the great and the small, to be forever with the Lord.

Under the blessing of God your second Mission, on the corner of Evergreen Avenue and Troutman Street, grew strong enough to ask for separate organic church life. True to your Christian instincts, you gave a hundred of your adult members for that sacred purpose. And still you bestow upon it the fostering love and care which the stronger owes to the weaker, the mother to the child that God has graciously given her.

I am thankful, dear friends, to have lived long enough to see with my own eyes what God has wrought for you, and for others by you. My joy in your pastor and in all your church work is very sincere. January 28, 1862, more than thirty-six years ago, I wrote in my historical diary these few words: "First consultation with Bro. James about organizing a church in Throop Avenue. *Laus Deo!*" That was Tuesday night. On Thursday night of the same week the subject was brought before the session of the South Third Street Presbyterian Church. The result is recorded in these words: "Was glad to find perfect unanimity as to the wisdom of it the moment the way seems clear."

And now that you have passed from infancy to maturity let me bring to you the loving greeting and benediction of the mother church.

SOUTH THIRD STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
THROUGH ITS SESSION TO THE THROOP AVENUE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, *Greeting:*

BELOVED BRETHREN:

As a Christian Church you have reached an age and accomplished a work most worthy of grateful recognition. Not all who were once with us in the service of our common Master, and are now with you, have yet been called to the rest and recompense of the just. It is a great joy to know that they have always been a benediction to you, as they were to us in their earlier years.

We have sincere joy, too, in recalling the steadfastness and fidelity of service rendered by you as a people in the times of your weakness.

We have watched with sacred interest your methods of work for souls near and far, and your liberal giving for all the great objects of benevolence that have had claims upon you.

As you have gone from one place of worship and service to another, always lengthening your cords and strengthening your stakes, you have been to us and many others a living object-lesson. We think you have never occupied a place from a store to your present commodious buildings, and especially the holy and beautiful house now your common church home, without the clearest evidence that you were led by Him who loves the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Unused to publishing yourselves and your Sunday School and Church to the world, we think you do wisely in celebrating the forty-sixth anniversary of

your Sunday School; the thirty-sixth of the organization of the Church; and the twenty-fifth of the pastorate of the Rev. Lewis Ray Foote, D. D. He has been your leader and fellow-helper during all the years of your later and most remarkable growth and abounding usefulness. We rejoice with you in his continued ability for service, although sometimes brought very low with painful and critical sickness. We pray God to guard his life and continue his pastorate for many years to come.

We congratulate you on the wisdom, consecration, and efficiency of those who have served the Church and congregation as office-bearers and Sunday-school workers.

With you we wish to keep in mind the beloved ones who, having been with us and you in the family of God on the earth, are now with the Lord in the family of heaven. Let them be to us a cloud of witnesses compassing us about. Every year adds to their number and brings us all nearer to the time when we hope to be among them, and forever with the Lord, both theirs and ours.

May it be our prayer and purpose to be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

In behalf of the Church, and most sincerely,

J. D. WELLS,

NEWELL WOOLSEY WELLS,

DAVIS S. GIFFING,

HUGH McDOUGALL,

JOHN ADAMS,

JAMES R. HOWE,

JOHN MCKAY,

NATHAN B. ROBERTS,

CHARLES W. SMITH,

JAMES L. KORTRIGHT.

May I add a word looking to the future?

Your next forty-six years in mission and church work may reasonably be expected to yield larger results of souls saved, and of glory to God in the highest, than have been already known. A few of the young men and maidens now loving the Saviour, may be here far into the next century. In that case you will be co-workers with many others gathered in as the years go by. You that are young now will then be venerable for your years. It will be yours to testify in regard to religious beliefs and methods of church work from the beginning. Make yourselves thoroughly familiar with them now. Through all the years that God may give you, as wise master-builders make this building of God stronger and stronger. I do not refer chiefly to this beautiful material edifice, and yet it is not altogether out of my thought. Take as good care of this building as the most favored of the people do of their own dwellings. It is a shame to dwell in our ceiled houses and let the house of God lie waste.

In my study there are two large photographs of a wooden church building a hundred years old. Almost fourscore years ago I sat among those who worshipped God there. By the loving thought of the people it has been so sacredly cared for that it shows no signs of decay. It gives promise of standing in its strength and beauty for centuries to come.

Surely, this holy and beautiful house, of more enduring material, may be the common Christian home of many successive generations of the great and the

small. But I have chiefly in mind now another building that is dearer to God than the costliest cathedral. It is made up of those who are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone.

You have all learned enough of "the faith once delivered to the saints," earnestly to contend for it as long as you live. I rejoice with you that the tendency of thought and belief, in our own country and abroad, is back to the traditional belief of the fathers. The very stones dug out of the earth are bearing their silent testimony for the dear old Bible of our mothers and fathers. Do not fear for it. Used by the Holy Spirit to reveal and convey the salvation of God to our lost world, it will never be criticized out of the credence and love of God's sons and daughters. Stand in your lot with open eye and wistful heart, strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Welcome light from every source. Its radiant center must always be God Himself. For "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." He has set his seal upon the translations of the Bible into almost three hundred of the languages and dialects of the race. He has saved multitudes by means of them. I do not believe that He will remove His seal. I cannot believe that He will give His approval to the translations of another book that makes large historical records mere fiction, and the endorsement that Jesus Christ the Son of God gave to the Scriptures of the Old Testament little more than a weak concession to the mistaken belief of the Jews while He was among them in the flesh.

An eminent Brooklyn pastor was reported as using the following words to his own flock in March of this year: "We need the whole Bible to interpret every word of it. But the whole Bible does interpret every word in it, and this total impression leads me to the gate of life, leads me to the bosom of the Father." I add, millions have gone to the Father's bosom in the like faith. Dear old George Herbert was born in 1593. Let his heart-words to "The Holy Scriptures" be ours too. Then let the last hymn be sung, the prayer offered, the benediction pronounced, and the organ postlude send us away to think, to love, and to work for the Lord of glory until we see Him face to face.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

PART I.

O Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health; health thriving till it make
A full eternity. Thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass

That mends the looker's eyes; this is the well
That washes what it shews. Who can endear
Thy praise too much? Thou art Heaven's lieger here
Working against the States of Death and Hell.

Thou art joy's handsel. Heaven lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

PART II.

Oh, that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory !
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then as dispersèd herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets ; which my life makes good,
And comments on thee. For in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss :
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

✓
u ✓

